The Nation.

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The Week.

Students of that fascinating subject —Roosevelt psychology—should not neglect to read the President's letter of acceptance entire, inordinately long though it be. It is indeed wordy, and in some parts bestows all its tediousness upon the reader relentlessly; but it reveals character. Self-confidence is said to be one of the requisites of the statesman, and that at least Mr. Roosevelt possesses. With what pitying condescension does he expound the common law to Judge Parker! And there is not a tinge of false modesty in his calm assertion that "no other Administration in our history, no other Government in the world," has stood for humanity more heroically than his own. Furthermore, "nowhere else in recent years has there been as fine an example of constructive statesmanship" as that shown in the Philippine Islands. His sole reference to the race question is in the shape of a retort. "Can our opponents deny that here at home the principles of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been in effect nullified?" Well, if so, why has he done nothing about it? Why did he not, as it was his sworn duty, call the attention of Congress to the matter, and ask for appropriate legislation? The Republican platform speaks of reducing the representation of the South. Is the President for that, or for doing anything? He does not say. If we were to apply to himself the method he uses in denouncing the Democrats, we should have to say that his failure to speak out shows that he is either insincere or afraid. His attitude falls in with the theory that the platform was merely such a trick as Hanna's in Ohio to catch the negro vote, while intending to do nothing whatever for the negro's political rights. Either way, the President shrinks from joining issue on the violated Amendments. So far as he is concerned, they are to have no prominence in this campaign.

"By direction of the President, officials will neither discuss nor give out any information regarding the annual estimates until further orders." This notice, issued on Friday to the heads of departments at Washington, comes at an appropriate time. Judge Parker has called attention to the growing recklessness and extravagance of the Republican Administration, and no one knows better than President Roosevelt that at this point the Republicans are exceedingly vulnerable. Take the single matter of naval expenditures, President Roosevelt's perhaps favorite way of spending money. In 1884 the appropriations were $15,980,437, and in 1885 less than ten millions. By 1890 the sum appropriated was $22,456,113; in 1898 it was $32,574,082; and in 1901, $55,623,422. But this enormous amount is modest compared with the expenditures since the present Administration has really warmed to its work. In 1902 the naval establishment called for $67,803,128; in 1903 for $82,618,034; and the last appropriation was $98,005,140. These figures speak for themselves.

The delegates to the American Bankers' Convention seem not to have heard of the Chicago platform, the Roosevelt letter of acceptance, or Senator Fairbanks's speeches. They have more pronounced feelings about the gold standard than anybody else, and would be the first to cry out against further "flexibility" on this issue. But though that high priest of muscular bimetallism, Henry Cabot Lodge, is now frightened almost out of his wits lest Judge Parker's election may accomplish what he himself was striving so hard for in 1894, the visiting bankers are absolutely unruffled. Any number of them are declaring that, though they voted for McKinley—or at any rate against Bryan—in the last two elections, they are now going back to their old resting-place in the Democratic fold. A former president of the American Bankers' Association says, indeed, that he is now going to vote the Democratic ticket because Judge Parker is "absolutely sound" on the money question. Another banker asserts that "there is a general feeling that the country will be safe whichever candidate is elected." These are typical statements.

Pickled sheepskins have become a factor in Massachusetts politics. A large amount of these skins have to be imported every year, and nearly half of them are consumed by the factories of Salem and Peabody. It would be cheaper to import them in their native state, but pickling is necessary for preservation. In handling, the first step is to get rid of the brine. In the past the skins have come in free, in accordance with a decision of the General Board of Appraisers, but on August 25 the Treasury Department sent out word that henceforth they were to be treated as partly manufactured goods, and taxed at 20 per cent. The manufacturers declared that this would demoralize their business, and in their heat some of them alleged that the Administration was trying to "stand pat" with the great packers of the West, who are large sellers of domestic sheepskins. This affair threw one more burden on the shoulders of Senator Lodge. The manufacturers promptly called on him to extricate them from their difficulty. In reply he wrote: "I had noticed in the papers the dispatch about pickled skins with surprise and annoyance. I am writing to the President about it." And he added that the decision of the General Board of Appraisers was an "eminently wise one."

The President responded nobly. If it was a question of pickled or no pickled sheepskins, it was also a duty to get the Senator out of *his* pickle as promptly as possible. So the tariff is "revised by its friends" in orthodox Republican style. The offending order is now suspended by telegram from Oyster Bay, and no action whatever is to be taken under it until the President returns to Washington (after the election?) and can "personally go over the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury." Thus do we see the power of the just President, how bravely he stands by his friends when it is merely a question of interpreting a law, and how the virtuous Lodge triumphs over all enemies. To-day he is exulting over those who would decry him for laboring hard for free sheepskins while denouncing free fish. Of course, this victory will not put a stop to the reciprocity agitation in his State. But it does illustrate how quickly our hair-trigger President shoots in campaign-time, when it is a question of saving or losing votes and the Senatorial orders have been received.

Aside from the fact that the population of Vermont has somewhat increased since 1890, the large Republican vote last week seems chargeable to Democratic indifference. No organized effort was made to press the real issues, although the Republicans gave more attention than usual to the State by sending into it the Vice-Presidential candidate and other national celebrities. The Democratic managers were content to let the State go by default. They apparently lacked the courage to bring forward the Canadian reciprocity arguments which have stirred Massachusetts so deeply, or to start an educational campaign on the tariff, and this is all the more striking since there was practically no State issue under discussion. Thus the policy of drift has borne its first fruit. Per contra, the Maine Democrats made gains in Monday's election, increasing their vote 30 per cent. over that of 1900, and, in a total poll much greater, cutting down the Republican majority by 3,000 or more. The marked

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Democratic gains in Portland, Lewiston, and other cities seem to us peculiarly significant, coming as they do on the very day of President Roosevelt's careful explanation that all "good Americans" should vote the Republican ticket. He must have been pained to learn how many bad Americans there are in Maine. Meanwhile, impartial political observers will set down the result for just what it is worth—a clear sign, namely, that the Democrats are not the disorganized and dispirited crew their opponents delight to make them out; that the Presidential campaign is yet to be fought; and that no man can tell what the decision of 14,000,000 electors will be in November.

The Connecticut Democrats united last week on a strong candidate and on a platform which, while it renews its faith in "the historic system of local government," and commits the party to its preservation, urges the bestowal of "a just and adequate representation" in the House of Representatives on the populous communities. For years past one-sixth of the population, dwelling in the small towns, has controlled the Legislature, determined the taxes, robbed the cities of revenue, and chosen the United States Senators. Twelve years ago the Democrats elected the Governor and carried the State Senate, but the House of Representatives has never permitted any reform in its membership. Still, the movement for a change has grown, and the Democrats do well to bring it to the front again, since it is certain to win them votes—as will the admirable speech of the temporary chairman of the convention, Henry Wade Rogers, dean of the Yale Law School. The candidate for Governor, Mr. A. Heaton Robertson, now Corporation Counsel of New Haven, is far superior to his unsuccessful rival, Mayor Thayer of Norwich.

Utah has only three electoral votes, yet Mormon influence is strong in several of the neighboring States, and might turn a block of votes worth either party's having. Senator Smoot was warned months ago that if he persisted in his fight to control the State Republican party, it might upset the party balance. He did persist, controlled the convention, and landed his candidate for Congress. Now the consequences begin to appear, though the ultimate result is not at all clear. The exodus of Republican Gentiles from their party because Mormons dominate it, should, in the ordinary course of politics, be followed by an influx of Mormons from the other party. That is to say, when any issue is recognized as dominant, voters tend to align themselves on that issue, and let all others go. But the Mormon influence does not make itself felt in that way. It is able to-day to protest innocence of the charge of controlling politics because it never throws all its vote to either side. It is very likely true that it could not if it would deliver a perfectly solid vote. This year it appears a rather hard choice for the Church. On one side it sees a rallying of Gentiles around a Republican nucleus. On the other is a party which declares in its national platform for "the extermination of polygamy" and "the complete separation of Church and State in political affairs."

Tempering the oratorical wind to the Down East lamb, Senator Fairbanks spoke, at Brunswick, Me., on September 6, on the present decadence and future possibilities of American shipping. It was a congenially sepulchral theme, and he quite warmed up to it, assuring his hearers that the $150,000,000 we pay to foreign shipmasters is so much money out of our pockets. He reminded them also that a Congressional Commission had the whole matter of the merchant marine in hand, and that the Republican party would solve the problem "in a way to promote American industry and in a manner consistent with national honor." Brave words these, yet the solution remained a bit vague, and the shipbuilders of Bath would probably have preferred the single word "subsidy" to a hundred on the national honor. But the word "subsidy" no longer comes trippingly off Republican lips. Support, encouragement—all such innocuous synonyms are preferred. Consider only this jewel from Secretary Shaw's Oregon speech: "I am not talking for a ship subsidy, but I am willing to pay the price that will give us ships to carry our trade." As one should say, "While reluctant to admit the perhaps excessive claims of Tweedledum, I will cheerfully contribute to Tweedledee's support."

The accounts of the Bull Run manœuvres show plainly that the officers who planned them made the mistake of considering the militia efficient campaigners like the regulars. As a result, the programme was far beyond their strength, and we read of many men falling by the wayside, utterly exhausted, and of their inability on reaching camp to stay awake long enough to eat. The Twelfth New York is one of the sturdiest regiments of the National Guard, yet it had had only five hours for sleep in a stretch of forty hours when it was forced to "fight" all Thursday night and march thirty miles before returning to camp. To ask that men who lead sedentary lives or are, at least, wholly unaccustomed to marching should be put to such exertions, is to expose them to serious physical injuries. Moreover, it may be magnificent, but it is not good training. The men would be far better State soldiers if their eight days had been spent in regimental, brigade, and division exercises, winding up, perhaps, with one sham battle. Unquestionably, the generals and staff officers have profited, but we are inclined to think that the National Guard officers who have been opposed to joint manœuvres have been furnished with some additional arguments in support of their position.

Radium is the latest article of import to baffle the Treasury Department experts. If it is a precious metal, it comes in free; but if it is a "crude metallic mineral substance," it pays 20 per cent. ad valorem. If it is a crude mineral, it comes in free; while if it is a chemical it pays 25 per cent. The exegesis of the Dingley schedules has rightly become one of the most important branches of theological study for the high priests of protection. They have given us within a year decisions that frogs are dressed poultry, and snails are wild animals. They will not be daunted by a new element. There is a preëstablished harmony between the tariff and the visible universe. As the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, "Radium was not discovered until six years after the passage of the Dingley act, but the inspired authors of that law had their eyes on the future as well as present emergencies." Let not vigilance be relaxed. Already scientists are speculating whether a twelve-mile shaft into the earth would not bring forth enough radium to run the sewing-machines and steam heaters of the world. If that be true, cannot our own workmen dig as deep holes and bring up as much metal as those of Europe? The dutiability of radium is almost an academic question now, but when the time comes that we compete with Bohemia for the radium market of the world, we may venerate Secretary Shaw as the man who first barred the door against a product which pauper labor brings down to the unprofitable figure of $800,000 a pound.

There are signs of a reaction in the South from the sudden outbreak of lawlessness against the negro. A joint meeting of white and black citizens has been held in Tallahassee, Fla., to secure better feeling between them and discuss means of avoiding race conflicts. The pledge of negroes and whites to coöperate in the discovery and capture of criminals of every kind touches one of the vital points of the race question. Sympathy of the white man with the lyncher, and the alleged unwillingness of the negro to move against criminals of his own race, are among the most powerful agencies in stirring up bad blood. Acting Governor Cunningham of Alabama has been prompt to move in the Huntsville lynching case. Besides having a special grand jury summoned, he has called for an explanation

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of the conduct of the militia. All this activity, however, will come to nothing unless somebody is really punished for the outrages. They are the inevitable results of a policy of distributing responsibility and punishing nobody. Such newspapers as the Charleston *News and Courier* are telling the South that the old apologies for mob rule should no longer be listened to, that lynchings took place long before Booker Washington dined at the White House, and that the only way to suppress lawlessness of any kind is to deal with it with a strong hand.

The ending of the Chicago meat strike could not have been more inglorious. President Donnelly of the butcher workmen, the man chiefly responsible for the trouble, made a striking exhibition of despair in announcing to the Allied Trades that he should put a formal end to the affair. "The strike has been lost. Our unions are rapidly being smashed to pieces, and, by the eternal, we are going to call the strike off and let as many of our men return to work as possible." "Smashed" is indeed the only word to describe the condition in which the labor unions at the stockyards now find themselves. Their members have been reduced to destitution, none of the ends for which they engaged in the nine-weeks' disturbance has been gained; the men go back to work as individuals, but the strikebreakers will not be discharged to make room for them. The "closed shop" has suffered a disaster which portends its ultimate extinction. Repugnant to every instinct of self-respecting human nature, and at variance with the great laws of trade, it is the device of ignorance, cupidity, and laziness. In this case ignorance has been coupled with audacity, and the result is ruin.

The Tibetan treaty, for which Col. Younghusband crossed the Himalayas, was signed on September 7 in the Dalai Lama's palace at Lhasa. The Oriental imagination has been impressed in one of its last retreats; some hundreds of half-armed mountaineers have been killed. Whether the game is quite worth the candle, we can not yet know. The diplomatic victory, in any case, is more or less incomplete, for the treaty has been approved, not by the Lama, but by more or less irresponsible representatives. More interesting than this expression of Lord Curzon's pride of place and zeal for the India tea trade is the question, Do the British mean to keep the self-sacrificing ordinance Mr. Balfour has solemnly made in Parliament? He assured the Commons that the Government wanted only satisfaction for Tibetan insolence, entertained no territorial ambitions, and would withdraw as soon as the treaty was negotiated. But already there is talk of British control of Tibet. In the place of the fugitive Lama, whose influences are vaguely understood to be pro-Russian, a rival pro-British Lama is to be set up. That is, Tibet is apparently to be made a feudatory dependency of the Empire. It would be strange, indeed, if Great Britain, having taken the first step towards annexation, should halt or retreat. One may expect to see a new, embarrassing, and by no means profitable responsibility added to the staggering burden of an over-extended Empire.

That the Chamberlain plan has made practically no progress among working-people is shown in a hostile resolution of the Trades Union Congress at Leeds. This vote represents the sober sentiment of the most intelligent class of artisans. The trades-union delegates are free from any suspicion of doctrinaire Cobdenism; they are interested very practically in such every-day matters as wages and cost of living. If they believed that under protective duties "the foreigner pays the tax," while a happy country "pays to itself," they would not scruple to take advantage of the foreigner's liberality or of such miraculous multiplication of wealth at home. As a matter of fact, these shrewd leaders of labor see that a tariff is a tax levied upon almost everything the common man buys. Accordingly, they condemn Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals in words which have a distinct application to our conditions in America. Premising that any departure from free trade would be detrimental to the interests of the working classes, on whom the burden of indirect taxation would fall most grievously, and to the prosperity of the nation as a whole, the Congress resolved:

> "That protective duties, by increasing the cost of the people's necessaries, are unjust in incidence and economically unsound, subsidizing capital at the expense of labor; and that a system of preference or retaliation, by creating cause for dispute with other countries, would be a hindrance to international progress and peace."

It is unquestionably a heavy blow to Mr. Chamberlain to find his scheme repudiated by the very people for whose defence against foreign competition it was ostensibly put forth.

That Kuropatkin has imitated Napoleon in one respect is quite evident. "I have never had a plan of campaign (*d'opération*)," said that Emperor. Moltke, writing in the German General Staff's history of the war with France, declared that "only the layman believes that a campaign takes place and is being carried to its end according to a plan worked out in every detail in the beginning. Certainly a commander will always keep in view his great objective, unaffected by changes in conditions and circumstances, but the roads by which he hopes to reach it can never be written down very far in advance." If the Russians have had to improvise plans and policies, it cannot be attributed to any conviction similar to Moltke's. The more the campaign is reviewed, the more evident become the blunders and some blighting influence like that divided control which the St. Petersburg newspapers are now hinting at more or less openly. The Japanese, on the other hand, have had a definite strategical problem before them, and so have been able to plan pretty well in advance the successive steps, granted the victory of their arms, of which they rightly felt so confident. It is to be hoped that the Japanese General Staff will follow its Prussian exemplar by publishing a frank history of its aims and accomplishments. In it the Japanese will have to justify the terrible loss of life at Liaoyang and at Port Arthur. They will probably have to admit that the absence of well-mounted and equipped cavalry reserve was responsible in good measure for their slowness in developing the campaign and their inability to follow up the success at Liaoyang.

The arrival of the Russian warship—for such the *Lena* is—at San Francisco raises a number of interesting questions, and has incidentally thrown some light on the *Ryeshitelni* incident at Chefoo. There, it will be remembered, the Japanese boarding lieutenant demanded to see for himself whether the disarmament of the Russian destroyer had or had not been carried out effectively. On Monday the Japanese consul tried to insist upon a similar right of inspection, to ascertain if the alleged disabilities of the *Lena* were figments of her officers' imagination or not. Quite properly, the collector informed him that that was the business of our Government, and not of his. It has never been claimed, hitherto, that a belligerent has the right to supersede the action of a neutral in enforcing neutrality. So far as our Government is concerned, no criticism can lie against it. It promptly inspected the warship and ascertained that her boilers were defective. According to the accepted law of nations, the *Lena* can now make such repairs as are necessary, provided that these repairs in no way increase her powers as a fighting vessel. Repairs to machinery are not included in this category. When the time comes for the *Lena's* departure, she will undoubtedly be allowed to take all the coal she wishes, whether her "nearest home port" be deemed Vladivostok or Libau. Once she has passed the three-mile limit, she will be free to intercept any American or foreign vessels bound for Japanese ports with contraband. But her return to San Francisco for more coal would then be impossible, since this would be making that port a base for hostile raids upon the enemy.

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RE-ENTER THE ROUGH RIDER.

"Provided that lasts," wrote the wary Bismarck when King William commented apprehensively upon the successes of Napoleon III.; and "provided that lasts" was the thought of every sagacious observer on reading the speech of acceptance of "the new Roosevelt" last July. The September letter of acceptance comes to show that it was not to last. The rôle of cautious moderation, of whispered humbleness, has proved repulsive to Mr. Roosevelt. He seems to have been gazing upon the picture of himself which Secretary Taft and Attorney-General Moody have so laboriously painted—the portrait of a patient thinker, slow to wrath, and acting only after painful deliberation—and to have determined to stamp all such presentments as counterfeit. The letter gives us the old Roosevelt again. He is aggressive, scintillating, cocksure. He lays about him with words like clubs. His manner is that of punching heads rather than arguing. The imaginary Roosevelt of apologetic orators is, in short, impatiently kicked aside by the real Roosevelt, and the Rough Rider dashes to the head of the Republican column.

His letter being, in both form and substance, a half-dozen stump speeches rolled into one, calls for more detailed attention than can be given in a single newspaper article. But its main drift is easily characterized. Mr. Roosevelt's very defence of himself is of a sort to confirm the charge that he is an impetuous Executive who looks about for the law to validate his deed after the deed is done. He hotly asserts that his famous pension order was issued under the authority of "existing law." How unlucky for him that the solid Republican vote of the House sustained the point, when the order was later offered by the Democrats as an amendment, that it was "contrary to existing law"! The President also stoutly affirms that his action in the Panama affair was strictly in accordance with the Constitution. He does not say that it was not in violation of a treaty. But why argue on these points with a man who goes on frankly to avow such an extraordinary view of the Constitution? It is to be "observed positively as well as negatively," Mr. Roosevelt writes, and adds: "I should be derelict in my duty if I used a *false* [query, strict?] construction of the Constitution as a shield for weakness and timidity, or as an excuse for governmental impotence." Nothing could be plainer. The one part of the Constitution which President Roosevelt takes seriously is the "general welfare" clause. He regards himself as the judge of that welfare, rushes ahead and does what he thinks best, and then tells you that any Constitutional objection to his course is a "false construction" by which he will not be bound!

On the tariff, President Roosevelt has made a complete surrender to the most besotted protectionists. He writes like the most abject groveller before the tariff fetish. His own words he eats without choking—not alone his statement in his Life of Benton that protection is wrong in theory and vicious in practice, but even his declaration in 1902 that any tariff duty sheltering a monopoly should be at once abolished. And then this scholar, this college man, this sitter at the feet of them that know, sneers at the trained economists, the lifelong students of finance, as "professional counsellors who have confined themselves to study in the closet"! No one knows better than he what unworthy nonsense it is. Why, he himself, a little farther on, is betrayed into speaking of the "certainty of an economic law." Is Roosevelt also in the closet? Where else does he get his economic law; and what economic law is more certain than those which demonstrate the folly and social injustice of protective tariffs?

The President's meek submission to the high-tariff wing of his party lays him open to strong attack. He deprecates the use of any word implying that the tariff has moral relations. Let us think of it, he says, as pure "expediency." He does not know what is in the minds of the best men in his own party. Even in the Union League Club, old-fashioned Republicans are saying that their party is in danger of standing no longer for a cause, but for special interests. What is Aldrich in the Senate, they ask, but an agent of great corporations to see that they receive their tariff favors in due season? What is Depew but a whited lobbyist? Theodore Roosevelt knows how tariff bills are framed. He knows how their details are shaped by greedy schemers striking hands in secret; and yet he thinks it so extremely impolite of the Democrats to say that there is anything immoral in allowing a privileged few to buy the right to tax the whole people.

Weak and retreating on the tariff, the President is positively alarming when he comes to talk about the finances. What would cause a true statesman the gravest concern—namely, the coincidence of falling revenues with mounting expenditures, the certainty of a deficit and of the need of new taxes—he dismisses with a snap of his fingers. Far from urging retrenchment, he promises new lavishness. The public, he writes, desires the Government to incur still greater expenses, and incurred they shall be. The costly free rural delivery is to be extended all over the country, at an outlay of many millions; pensions are to be increased; to cap the climax, the President commits himself to the scheme of millions more for ship subsidies. Where is he to find the money? It never occurs to him to ask. "We do not stand still," he boasts of his party. Exactly; and that is why sober men are afraid of it and of him. They see him profoundly discontented with the routine work of giving a good administration, and eager to launch upon unknown seas. "We do not stand still." No; neither do the expenditures; neither does corruption; nor does the creation of monopoly and wealth based upon unequal taxation. And if you ask President Roosevelt how he is going to meet the vast expense of his spendthrift policies, he can only tell you that it will be done by inventing fresh methods of unjust taxation.

In effect, Mr. Roosevelt's letter is an offer of gigantic bribes. Elect me President, he says to the beneficiaries of the tariff, and you will be undisturbed in your purchased right to tax your fellow-citizens; elect me, he says to the pension-grabbers, and you may fill all your pockets at the Treasury; elect me, he says to the subsidy-hunters, and the Government will pay you handsomely to sail your ships; elect me, he says to the politicians, and you may fatten on the graft of the rural delivery; elect me, he says to the army, and your numbers, your privileges, your pay, and your opportunities to glut your warlike passions shall be increased; elect me, he says to the navy, and your smoke shall blacken the air on every coast and your guns be heard in every sea.

What is to be the country's answer to these bids for power in order to carry out grandiose but dangerous schemes? The answer which ought to be given may be found in that historian whom some of Mr. Roosevelt's friends have found him reading and reported the fact in their awe-struck way. Thucydides gives us in his Sixth Book an account of the lures which, to gratify his own ambition, Alcibiades held up before the Athenian people; and also gives us the warning speech which the old general, Nicias, made to the assembly. One sentence of his might well have been addressed to the American people, in connection with *their* brilliant young man and his glittering programme:

"Do not you give him the opportunity of indulging his own magnificent tastes at the expense of the state."

A CRITICAL PERIOD FOR LABOR.

This has been a test year for organized labor. Two years ago, wages were on an ascending scale, the movement culminating in the demands of railroad hands in all parts of the country for a larger share of the profits resulting from the great industrial boom. They obtained their end, but the inevitable effect was not long in asserting itself. Higher railroad wages meant greater burdens to shippers, and thus the circle was in a fair way to completion. Of course, the advance in the wage accounts of the railroads was not the cause

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of the succeeding industrial depression, but it was unquestionably one of the concomitants of the backward movement. The analogies between labor and capital are close. From 1898 to 1903 the profits of the latter were astonishingly large, and no one had time to reflect seriously on the means employed to secure them. A year ago, however, it began to be seen that many of these methods had been extremely vicious. It was then discovered that inflation of nominal capital, struggle for monopoly, and payment of unearned dividends had resulted in losses which in very great measure offset the apparent profits of previous years. To-day, labor is in very much the same position. It, too, has struggled for monopoly, for an arbitrary rather than a natural wage scale, and it is now confronted by the necessity of carefully overhauling its methods.

Those who are giving serious thought to this situation will derive assistance from a paper on "Some Aspects of the Labor Question in America," presented at the recent meeting of the British Association by Mr. C. J. Hamilton of University College, Cardiff. As Great Britain has her special labor problems, Mr. Hamilton's views cannot, in their American applications, be construed entirely in accordance with the dictum that the voice of the intelligent foreigner is the voice of posterity. Still, his statements regarding our conditions have a detachment not easily acquired this side of the Atlantic. He plainly sees that this is an anxious time in the United States. He recalls President Hadley's declaration of last fall that "within two years there will be the greatest conflict between organized labor and organized capital that the United States has yet seen," and says that it is now in process of verification. The immediate cause of the conflict is the depression of trade, bringing with it wage reductions and an increase in the number of the unemployed.

The labor unions, which, it is asserted, have probably doubled their membership since 1900, are ostensibly fighting against the downward tendency of prices and wages. But this is not the real cause of the struggle. The closed shop is what organized labor is actually contending for. In developing this idea, Mr. Hamilton points out many of the features which distinguish our problem from that of the Old World. He finds here, for example, a great lack of equality in industrial conditions; the difference between one part of the country and another being as great as that between Lancashire of 1845 and of to-day. The prevalence of child labor at the South, defective factory laws, the large foreign element in our industrial population, and the negro are touched on in passing. But it is the labor union and the character of its management that receives most attention. No one familiar with conditions here and abroad can dissent from the statement that our labor leadership is far behind that of Great Britain. We have a few men of great spectacular attainments; in their sphere as noteworthy and as harmful to public interests as some of the more reckless "barons of finance" and "captains of industry" about whom we heard so much prior to 1903. But the high efficiency of many of the British trades unions is not the result of playing to the galleries, but of patient, unremitting, unobtrusive effort on the part of the leaders to familiarize themselves and those whom they have represented with the facts which make for the solid and permanent advantage of British labor.

The closed shop has not come. If it were possible to introduce it, the means employed have so far been wrong in their very essence. As our English critic declares, "It must come, not by coercion of employer nor of employee, but by establishing the union's claim to be necessary to the worker and not injurious to the employer or the public." This is a large programme, but can it be carried out? There is a strong belief that combined capital has more to gain than lose from a perfected organization of labor. Great employers have repeatedly said of late that they were glad to have their men join the unions, as it made bargaining with them easier. Such optimism is, however, to be regarded lightly at this stage of the game; present conditions have existed too short a time to admit of their bearings being seen with any clearness. Any benefit to combined capital from organized labor must spring from more stable conditions in the unions than are yet evident. So far, the injury to the employer and public has greatly outweighed any benefit which they may have secured. As yet the public feels that both capital and labor often aim at illegitimate ends. The former frequently strives to restrict output, crush competition, and artificially raise prices; the latter fights for the degrading of the efficient workman to the level of the lazy and incompetent, and the restricting of the number of apprentices—both with the intent of thwarting the natural law of production and wages respectively. Fighting on such lines can never result in permanent victory.

OUR "NEW POLICY" WITH THE RED BROTHER.

How to support the Indian has been a troublesome problem for the Government ever since it changed its policy toward the red man from war to peace. It made the mistake of passing at a single bound from one extreme to the other. In its zeal to prove the sincerity of its repentance, it beat the sword into a pap-spoon instead of stopping halfway with a ploughshare. Now it is compelled to take the backward track, and in the name of humanity is trying to lift the disarmed Indian from the cradle where it has been confining him for a quarter of a century, set him on his feet, and teach him to walk alone.

The so-called "new policy" has so much common sense underlying it that the only wonder is that it is not already an old policy. But the question when it ought to have been begun is academic: the practical question is, how to get the machinery of the reformed system into good running order. The idea is to give the Indian, not food, but the means of obtaining food by paying the price for it. To this end, a year or two ago, orders were issued at Washington to notify the younger and able-bodied members of the several tribes that the issue of rations would be suspended after a certain date, and that they must prepare for the change. At the same time, all practical means were studied for providing work for those Indians who wished a chance to earn something. If an Indian had any knowledge of agriculture or stock-raising, he was encouraged to turn it to account; if he had not, the Government sought to devise some form of bread-winning labor that he could pursue. Now and then the method employed was as crude as that described in the old story of the beggar who was directed to spend his whole morning carrying a pile of bricks from one spot in his patron's garden to another, and his whole afternoon carrying them back again.

But a more rational scheme was gradually evolved when it was discovered that a people reared to war or the chase could not be turned into farmers or laborers overnight. The authorities of the Indian establishment perceived that they must reckon for a good many years to come with the question of giving their wards something to do. So they looked about for possible improvements which would not ordinarily have been considered necessaries, yet which it would distinctly benefit the Indian to have at command. An irrigating ditch here, a better highway to market there, a fence to enclose a tribal cattle-pasture in another place, was started with Indian labor under white supervision. Those Indians who had no facilities for raising crops or lacked the wherewithal to procure livestock, could get a job at day-wages by applying for it, provided they did so before the rolls were full; their compensation came, as a rule, out of the funds, or the interest on the funds, held in trust for them by the Government, so that the process suggested taking money from one pocket to put into the other. But the trust funds were by law designed to promote their education and civilization, and to spend this income upon labor which would at once fill their stomachs, train their hands, and strengthen their characters,

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seemed like killing a number of birds with one stone.

Still, all this was providing only for the able-bodied class, young enough to do something for their own maintenance. The older generation, whom it was hopeless to try to bring into relations with their changed environment, must be cared for as long as they lived. They were too feeble to labor, too old to be taught. They belonged, moreover, to the historic stratum which had resisted the Government's encroachment upon the open hunting-grounds of the West, and had laid down their arms with an implied understanding that their conquerors would provide for them virtually as for prisoners of war. The Government has continued to recognize this obligation on the theory that the old people cannot last very much longer any way, and that their treatment as objects of charity will establish no embarrassing precedent. But behold the result. If the Indian has one trait more firmly seated in his nature than another, it is generosity in material things. He will give away the last object he owns to any friend who asks him; and accordingly, now that the bulk of the Indians receive no gratuities from the Government, no sooner does an aged red man draw his periodical issue of rations than he is surrounded by all the loafers in the reservation, and, before he can reach home with his prize, they will have stripped him of it. This is a wrong, indeed, which the authorities appear powerless to abate unless the system be radically changed. Orders issued against the spendthrift practice are so much wasted ammunition; the spongers ignore them, of course, and the victims are too good-natured to refuse an appeal. As a consequence, this doubly harmful extravagance bids fair to be indefinitely continued, and the aged and infirm people whom the Government desires to supply with some comforts may have their end hastened by hunger in spite of benevolent intentions.

Only one practicable solution of the difficulty has been proposed thus far. That is, the foundation by the Government of a central soup-kitchen or free eating-house in every area inhabited by a considerable number of old and feeble Indians, around which they can camp, and where they can be fed twice or three times a day, on presentation of a ticket, being allowed to carry nothing away. This would insure their protection from the harpies. The soup-kitchen could, moreover, in cases of extreme emergency like a sudden crop blight or an epidemic of disabling disease, be used for dispensing a little temporary relief to the sound and youthful members of a tribe, who would otherwise be forced to fast through no fault of their own. From any point of view, the free-meal dispensary system would be only a makeshift of a few years' duration; for as soon as the now decrepit generation passes away, there would be no more use for anything of the sort.

With such an addition to the equipment of the Indian establishment, we should see the "new policy" in full blast, and its effects upon the reservation Indians at large could be philosophically studied. As matters look now, its results will amply justify its adoption. It will be a blessed day for the red race and for the whole country when the last vestige of the reservation system disappears; but meanwhile the new policy will afford a bridge from the conditions of the last twenty-five years to those of independent Indian citizenship and self-support.

THE WAR POWER OF JAPAN.

The extent and the cost of the victory at Liaoyang are still in doubt; no such doubt invests the sudden coming of Japan to her military majority. Indeed, the war power of Japan has already been admitted with a premature if prophetic readiness. The mildly dismayed *Spectator* constantly reminds its readers that the traditional balance of power in the Far East has been upset, openly grudges the ascendency of Japan, and fears it. Russian critics, instead of resting their case on the marvellous success of Russia as a colonizer in Asia, invoke the Yellow Peril, and bid the world shudder at what may be the reflux of the great Mongol invasions. That dithyrambic and very able correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales, of the London *Daily News*, continuously warns his placid Cobdenite readers that the Japanese rifle, the Japanese ship, and the Japanese factory are equally menaces to the predominance of Europe in the Far East. In America, so far, the old sting of Russian diplomatic subterfuge and a chivalrous sympathy for the Yankees of the East have kept most of us from this gloomy sort of prognostication; but already people are beginning to find something uncanny and a little formidable in the continued success of a people with whom at bottom we seem to have so little in common.

So far as these apprehensions are based on a belief in the military prowess of Japan, they are abundantly justified. Today it is doubtful if England and her colonies combined could put into the field an army equal to Oyama's. And certainly no other nation can match that combination of fanatical indifference to death with perfect coolness in battle, that command of the higher strategy with regard for the minutiæ of tactics and logistics, which have made the armies of Japan for their numbers perhaps the best in the world. Fully warranted, too, is the surmise that the war record of Japan—whatever the final result of the long contest—must powerfully work upon the imagination of all Mongol Asia. It may mean the awakening of China to national consciousness and military emulation. The thrill must pass into Burmah and India. In the long run the East may wish to take its destiny into its own hands, and then Japan will have shown the way either to the most alluring triumph, or in any case to splendid defeat. In short, the imagination is not likely to exaggerate the probable effects of the war.

But why should any one deplore the military ascendency of Japan unless he believes that power is to be ruthlessly employed, and why should any one entertain such a thought? History has not taught that either the Chinese or the Japanese belong to the class of invading Mongols. In fact, the kind of material from which is recruited the hordes of Genghis Khan and the Mantchu conquerors has almost disappeared. The military capacity of Japan by no means implies an insatiable desire for conquest. To-day she wages under extreme provocation, and to the brink of financial exhaustion, what is for her a defensive campaign. There is no reason to believe that the immemorial wisdom and self-restraint of the samurai and the newly learned lesson of science have suddenly been converted into some Napoleonic madness. Nor need we fear that a China aroused to the point of throwing off foreign control would wreak her new-found forces against the tundras of Siberia, the inhospitable sands of Turkestan, and the barrier of the Himalayas.

It is time for large views on these subjects; and instead of large views we see everywhere the sullen attitude of the functionary whose sinecure is to be abolished. For two centuries and more, Europe has got into the way of considering the East as its own. Behind the gentle deprecation of such papers as the *Spectator* lies the unavowed conviction that China is made for treaty ports, and trade concessions and to afford ports of call for British shipping. In this comfortable assurance the European mind has hardened until it is a wrench to think any other way. Now, brave thinking on the subject is wanted. Chancellors are needed who will have the courage to admit that China's present condition of tutelage is anomalous and should be temporary. England particularly must be brought to eschew the manners of a discharged officeholder, and assume the benignity of a valued trustee happily relieved of a burdensome charge. And, speaking more broadly, Western civilization seems likely to be put to a shrewd test: Can it adapt itself to impending changes in the Far East as skilfully as feudal Japan transformed itself into a modern military State?

It is because they make against such hopefulness that our ancient journalistic voices prophesying war do substantial harm. It would be better cheerfully to admit that the Japanese child will no

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longer come to its European grandam, and that the Chinese infant may also lose its love of diplomatic apples and figs. In fact, it would lead to kinder and clearer thinking on the subject if it were realized that the Yellow Peril must be most acutely felt in Japan. Can that nation withstand the glamour of her success; can she conduct her vast war expenditures without peculation; will her expanding commerce establish itself in honesty and permanency; will the conversion of her beautiful small industries into great manufactures leave the peculiar merit of her social order intact?—these are challenges far more urgent for the leaders of Japan than any surmises of new Tartar invasions for the arbiters of waning overlordships in the Far East.

THE DEFENCE OF A CASTLE.

When a mediæval castle was close beset, a motley crowd of defenders rallied against the last assault. Beside the noble chatelain and his men at arms stood the chaplain and the factor, the scullions and turnspits and all the *rascaille* of the cellar and stable; maid and mistress dropped feminine acts of mercy and sped the dropping of boiling oil from the walls. As near a replica of this picture as our unromantic times can afford is presented at Heidelberg, where all manner of men and women are leagued together in defence of the unrestored—as they would say, undestroyed—portion of the historic castle. In this cause are united grave professors with capped and booted students; with both—in Germany a surprising alliance—the blue-stockings of the women's clubs. Stalwart aid comes from the Social Democrats of the Palatinate, who have promised, if the Grand Duchy insists on its plan of restoration "against the will of the entire civilized world," to do battle against the desecration with the formidable weapon of the strike. Still stranger reinforcement, the official poet, Wildenbruch, adds his protest against the misguided zeal of the officialdom of Baden.

And this parade of defenders is not without cause. Unsparing restoration has already disfigured the graceful ruins of the Friedrichs-bau; now it is proposed to rebuild and roof-in the still more precious remains of the Otto Heinrichs-bau—the finest monument of the Renaissance in Germany. Taking advantage of the alleged instability of the famous façade, the Government of Baden has tried to gratify that insensate grudge which bureaucracy always bears to the beautiful. A dozen high privy architects stand ready to destroy the design which legend has rashly but not so unreasonably attributed to Michelangelo, and to put up in spick-and-span perfection their notion of a fine Renaissance castle-palace. On this propensity of officials to destroy the beautiful objects confided to their charge a lamentable, in some ways a laughable, chapter might be written. The mere tourist is competent to curse the hideous polychromy which in the name of restoration has profaned the stately corridors of Blois; all sensitive persons feel the affront when a single meddlesome hand reduces all the pictures of a gallery to a common vulgarity of repaint and glaring varnish. And the evil lurks in more occult forms. At Washington a zealous engineer proposed modestly to make three White Houses grow where one grew before; in the famous museum of a not very distant *Weissnichtwo* a careful curator has furtively "restored" even borrowed pictures with his own willing hand. Universally, the sight of a great work of art provokes in a certain order of mind an irresistible desire to make it over into a dull copyplate facsimile, and one may hazard the opinion that the wreck caused by war and religious fanaticism is probably less than that deliberately contrived by Ministries of Fine Arts.

Evidently those who could not keep their fingers off the Otto Heinrichs-bau forgot to reckon with the sentiment of the Heidelbergers. The town lives by sentiment, and incidentally by boarding students and the English. Sentiment fills the Neckar vale from the Philosophenweg to the Schloss. And surely the love of the mouldering castle as it is, is reasonable enough. Utility no longer has any lien on those deserted halls. Why a supererogatory roof over a castle whose only lawful occupant is the Heidelberg Tun? Such in effect is the cry, from the gay assemblies of the Hirschgasse to the solemn conclaves of Herr Bebel's Social Democrats.

Nor is there any deficiency of rationalistic support of the sentimentalists. Herr Privy-Over-Buildings-Councillor Hermann Eggert shows that the tooth of time for two centuries has worn down the sandstone only from a half to two millimetres, and maintains that the present façade will last for centuries with a little quite unobtrusive buttressing from behind. Herr Paul Garin, in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, erects the defences of the castle "from the ground out." Architecture, he opines, differs from all the other arts in that it supplies two pleasures, separated in time; namely, you may enjoy the outside or the inside of a building. The most concentrated and artistic impression is that of the interior, which, unless the circumstances are uncommonly favorable, lasts but for a little time. The effect of the exterior, on the other hand, is mixed and diffused. The building is effective in regard to its site, adjacent buildings, the enveloping light and air, the entire landscape, in short. So the treatment of ancient buildings which have found their permanent place in the landscape is to be dictated, not by the principles of archæology or architecture, but by broader considerations of the picturesque. Or, to reduce Herr Garin's somewhat complicated reasoning to epitome, a beautiful building in ruins is no longer, properly speaking, an object of art, like a picture or statue. To it neither the science of curators nor the pedantries of restorers has any application. To preserve it means not to restore it, but simply to retard its crumbling, to keep its quality as a ruin—a problem in engineering, not in architecture. To rebuild it in its imagined perfection is a stupidity analogous to that of erecting artificial ruins.

Such, indeed, seems to be the rule. And we have no doubt that Herr Garin's certainly heavy battery of æsthetic distinctions will notably inspire the stalwart garrison of professors and Social Democrats, as well as the light volunteers from the Hirschgasse and the women's clubs. Tourists, both sentimental and rationalistic, will wish them godspeed in their defence of the castle at Heidelberg, for if it is further to be archæologized, there is no reason why Melrose Abbey should not be converted either into a museum specimen of decorated English Gothic, or into a very passable free library.

Correspondence.

THE CONTINUITY OF PARTIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question of the continuity of parties raised by a correspondent in your issue of September 1 is an interesting one. One party is stated to be that of the collectivists and of the believers in a centralized government. One wonders, when he observes some current political tendencies, whether this doctrine is about to receive a considerable extension. We have had within recent years the cases of Congress placing in President McKinley's hands autocratic power during the Spanish-American war, and in President Roosevelt's hands the settlement of the Isthmian Canal question. We have seen later the acquiescence by Congress in the Executive encroachment through the service-pension order.

Now all this is bad enough, but what shall we say when we see conditions shaping themselves in such a way that the people will be themselves led to increase Executive power at the expense of Congress? What, for instance, is to be the outcome of teachings such as William Allen White's in a recent magazine article? If the Republican Congress is so thoroughly corrupt and the President so aggressively honest as Mr. White makes out, what is left for the people to do but to pounce on their representatives and make them disgorge their dishonest power, and turn it over to one the people can trust?

By the way, it is reported in the newspapers that it is Cortelyou's plan to use the magazines this fall as one medium by which to reach the people. Is Mr. White's article one of the inspired series? Certainly the concluding paragraphs and the Presi-

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dent's picture are introduced with dramatic (political) effect.

On second thought, one naturally asks himself what species of political acumen it is that goes to the length of traducing the rank and file of a party in order to exalt its head? Alas, what a multitude of popular idols must be shattered in order that one great one may stand out in stronger relief! J. V. C.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., September 8, 1904.

TOUCHING GERMAN AFFAIRS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have often wished the excellence of your periodical might extend itself also to matters relating to German affairs. Sometimes I notice your statements are not based on impartial evidence, and are apparently inspired by the German weekly *Die Nation* or the *Berliner Tageblatt*, both of which represent only a small minority of German public opinion.

In your issue of August 11 you state that the German Chancellor, last winter, expelled from Berlin Russian students of both sexes who had participated in mass meetings criticising *their own Government*, and you called this *dirty work*. The fact, however, is that these students, who, most of them, happened to be Jews, violently and tactlessly attacked the German Government and the Chancellor of the Empire. One may or may not believe in expulsion of this sort, and I, for one, do not believe in it, yet you will admit that this cannot justly and fairly be called "dirty work." Or would you, for instance, apply this term to the practice of the United States, sanctioned by a majority of the American people, of turning out immigrants, even after a somewhat long stay in the country, for reasons for which they, in a great many cases, cannot be morally blamed? And as to the cause of the whole affair connected with these Russian students—the close supervision of nihilistic suspects hailing from the Czar's dominions—everybody interested knows that the Russian Government entertains a network of political detectives in these United States; furthermore, that Mr. Cleveland's Administration ratified a treaty of extradition of political criminals between the United States and Russia; lastly, that public sentiment in the United States favors an international organization of detective and police work against radical revolutionary movements and persons. Right after the assassination of President McKinley the call for such organization was, naturally, loudest and most insistent in the United States. Of course, conditions in Russia are very unlike those of a civilized Western country, as we take this term, but in such a case the principle of non-interference is to be absolutely upheld. Nations must work out their own destinies. Meddling with internal Russian (or Rumanian) affairs would justify interference from outside with the grave problem of the status of the negro and negro lynching in the United States. Moreover, the German Empire is the next-door neighbor of Russia, and nothing can alter this fact and the probability that a great political and social conflagration in Russia would endanger her neighbors. Germany's policy, therefore, must recognize this fact and act accordingly.

I just happen to remember another erroneous editorial statement of yours made some time ago. It related to the German Social Democrats, and Paul Singer and Eduard Bernstein were named as the only prominent and sober-minded intellects the German Socialist party had to show. The flagrant mistake is in the coupling of these two names—the one of which stands for the most irrational, senseless radicalism, while Bernstein represents "revisionism" such as Jean Jaurès's in France. Bernstein and a great many other keen minds of the younger socialistic generation (such as Schippel, David, Von Vollmar) have done their very best (and no doubt they will succeed) to turn the German workingmen to the realities of life, to interest them in the vital economic problems of the day; in a word, to turn them away from the senseless and iconoclastic revolutionary radicalism represented by August Bebel and Paul Singer. Dr. Benedict Friedländer, in his work 'Die vier Hauptströmungen der modernen sozialen Bewegung,' shows how men like Bernstein have taken up the work where the blind and aged philosopher-economist Eugen Dühring left it a generation ago.

This, I think, you will not consider too trifling to be corrected, or deem it smacking too much of German "Gründlichkeit," which some Americans, in these days, like to put in vituperative quotation marks.

Yours, KARL DETLEV JESSEN.

CAMBRIDGE, September 11, 1904.

[At this moment we cannot verify the facts in the case of the expulsion of the Russian students. As regards the Socialists, our words were (Vol. 77, p. 457): "For the creation of parliamentary Socialism in Germany, credit is due largely to such leaders as Singer and Bernstein—men who have pinned their faith rather to evolution than to revolution."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Further announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'The United States, 1607-1904,' by William Estabrook Chancellor and Fletcher Willis Hewes, in ten volumes that may be had separately; 'History of the Civil War in the United States,' by W. Birkbeck Wood, A.M.; 'The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall,' in two volumes, edited by Joseph P. Cotton, jr.; 'Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by Elizabeth Luther Cary; 'Narragansett Bay,' viewed historically and picturesquely, by Edgar Mayhew Bacon; 'Scientific Aspects of Mormonism,' by Prof. Nels F. Nelson; an illustrated "Asiatic Neighbors Series," beginning with 'Indian Life in Town and Country,' by Herbert Compton; 'The Kingdom of Siam,' edited by Cecil Carter, M.A.; 'Jiu-jitsu Combat Tricks,' by H. Irving Hancock; the remaining three volumes of Tarver's translation of Hanotaux's 'Contemporary France'; 'The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries,' from the German of Adolph Harnack; Sainte-Beuve's 'Portraits of the Seventeenth Century,' translated by Miss Wormeley; 'The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell,' edited upon Carlyle by S. C. Lomas; 'The Kaiser [William II.] as He Is,' by Henri de Noussanne; Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' edited by Prof. Edwin Cannon; 'A History of Yachting, 1600-1815,' by Arthur H. Clark; 'The Tuition of Time, and Other Poems,' by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl; 'Earthquakes in the Light of the New Seismology,' by Major Clarence E. Dutton, U. S. A.; 'A Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli, and Jerushalmi and the Midrashic Literature,' by Morris Jastrow; 'Miniatures,' by Dudley Heath, and 'Porcelain,' by Edward Dillon.

The sixth volume of "Early Western Travels" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) is, as the editor, Dr. Thwaites, points out, companionable to Lewis and Clark's Journal. It reprints Brackenridge's 'Journal of a Voyage up the River Missouri,' in 1811, and Huntington's translation of Franchère's 'Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America' in 1811-14—*i. e.*, close upon the pioneers at the beginning and at the end of their transcontinental progress. Brackenridge notes passing under the bluff on which Sergeant Floyd was buried beneath a marking cross, which the river would one day menace with undermining, and cause the grave to be removed. Among the Mandans he was on George Catlin's old ground. His observations of the Indians are valuable and in accord with those of contemporary travellers. His narrative is that of a highly cultivated man; Franchère's, that of an obviously humane man, whose story deals with Astoria, the Columbia River, etc., and also paints the Indians as they were, but with more sympathy than Brackenridge.

"Macbeth" is the latest and fifth volume in the Crowell 16mo series of reproductions of Shakspere's First Folio, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, whose conscientious labors double in pages the text of the play. Literary illustrations, a glossary, variant readings, and select critical appreciations combine to enhance the value of the scrupulous reprint itself.

The late Wilbur J. Chamberlain's 'Ordered to China,,' which we reviewed a year ago in the American edition, now comes to us from London with Methuen & Co.'s imprint. In its new form it is light to the hand, and the type is large if condensed. Its racy journalistic impressionism reads equally well in English or American dress, and in what relates to the Boxer rising and the siege of Peking these letters have an historical value.

There is good and good-natured fooling in verse in Harry Graham's 'Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.), his gallery embracing all ages from Adam, Diogenes, Nero, Joan of Arc, Bacon, Marat, to Paderewski, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Theodore Roosevelt, of whom we are told

> "In winter he will work all day,
> But when the sun shines he makes Hay."

Strothmann's illustrations are a fair match. Those of Florence Wyman in the 'Fusser's Book' of Anna Archbald and Georgina Jones (same publishers) are much more interesting than the smart Rules. They show a woman's eye for costume and are cleverly drawn.

Drawing on the larger work of J. R. Walbran, Dr. George Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., has given in convenient form the history of Fountains Abbey (E. P. Dutton & Co.). He tells how it was founded by Cistercians in 1132 in the valley of the Skell, Yorkshire; how within twenty years eight colonies

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went forth from it; how in 1146 or 1147 it was sacked and partly burned by misjudging adherents of an archbishop; how, through ups and downs of fortune, and even in the great enlargement which came to it, the original purpose of strict discipline, clean living, and high ideals was at least measurably maintained; and how, when the religious houses had had their long day, and their wealth had roused the greed of king and nobles, this abbey shared in 1539 the general spoliation. Of its physical aspects a fair idea is afforded by the researches of W. H. St. John Hope and a ground plan drawn by Harold Brakspear, reproduced in this volume. Seven photogravures justify the reputation of the ruins as among the most beautiful in England. However injured in the past, they are now carefully preserved by the owner, the Marquis of Ripon.

Messrs. Scribner send us the well-designed Baedeker, 'Italy from the Alps to Naples,' with an eye to the hurried traveller who cannot "do" everything. It is compiled from the familiar three volumes for Northern, Central, and Southern Italy, and has the merit of the standard series of handbooks. The advertisement shows that even this abridgment is published also in four sections—Northern Italy; Liguria, Tuscany, Umbria; Rome and its Environs; Naples and its Environs. This for the pedestrian's advantage in particular.

On the initiative of Hermann Wagner, the Royal Academy of Sciences in Göttingen has arranged for the systematic cataloguing of all the older geographical and cartographical material found in the different universities of Germany. For the present, at least, the year 1570 is the later limit. The material is to include (1) manuscript portulans and world charts; (2) printed charts of separate countries or of the world; (3) reports of exploring expeditions; (4) cosmographies and similar handbooks; (5) manuscripts containing geographical material; (6) globes. The current issue of the Göttingen *Nachrichten* contains the first specimens of this work, being the report of two tours among the libraries of North Germany by Walter Ruge of Leipzig, who makes a systematic report of his finds. These were unexpectedly rich, especially in the old university library of Helmstedt, of which a preliminary report was given in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* last year. Here were found a number of original charts and not a few reprints of valuable charts now lost. Unfortunately, many are in a bad state of preservation.

The second volume of Postgate's 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) is nearing completion; we have received the second part, and the third and final one is promised for the end of this year. In this issue the procession of poets of the Silver Age continues; Schenkl contributes a second edition of his text of Calpurnius, and Postgate follows it up with Columella's poetical book, "ut Maronis imitatores hic Georgicon, ille Bucolicon ordine se exciperent." Summers is responsible for the whole of Silius, Wilkins for the 'Thebais' and 'Achilleis' of Statius (with a fresh collation of the Codex Puteanus and other MSS.), Davies and Postgate together for his 'Silvæ.' In this portion of the work, therefore, we have a set of authors who are more often consulted than actually read, for there are dreary wastes in them which none but an editor would willingly try to cross; but scholars will be only the more grateful to the projectors of this 'Corpus' for making consultation so easy, and to the general editor and his assistants for providing sound and sane texts and a critical apparatus full enough to satisfy the needs of all except special students of these matters. The work has already taken an important place among the productions of classical scholarship, and the present fascicle is fully up to the high standard which its predecessors have obtained.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for August contains an informing article on Peru, by A. A. Calderon of the Peruvian Legation. The impression conveyed is of a country with great natural resources, undeveloped from lack of population and of transportation facilities and because of an unstable government. Peru is divided into three well-defined zones—the coast, of which the chief products are sugar and cotton; the sierra, with vast pastures and mineral wealth; and the Montaña, or forest region, abounding in rubber trees. The population is about four inhabitants to the square mile, by far the larger part being native Indians, who cultivate small tracts of land in the Sierra and work in the mines. The difficulties of transportation may be illustrated by the fact that till recently "it was not uncommon for persons wishing to go from Lima to Iquitos to travel via New York, Pará, and up the Amazon." A Government road, called the Via Central, has been built across the Andes to the head of navigation, by which Iquitos, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, can now be reached in twenty days. The completion of the Panama Canal will make the world-market 3,000 instead of as at present 9,000 miles distant.

It is reported from Milan that an earnest attempt is to be made to restore Da Vinci's mural painting of the Lord's Supper. The work is to be done by the enthusiastic artist and experienced restorer Luigi Carenaghi, and his method will be to fasten to the wall by means of a colorless glue the color flakes that have peeled or are threatening to peel from the wall. The work, from its perishing condition, will require an extraordinary measure of patience, and doubts are entertained if the venture will be successful.

—"Transactions of the Department of Archæology" is the title of a new publication of the Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania, intended as an official organ to convey information to subscribers and elicit interest in the work of exploration, of which Parts 1 and 2 of Volume I. have just appeared under one cover. There is no foreword or introduction of any sort, nor any statement of periods of publication. The Department of Archæology appears on the cover as the publisher, and the names of the officers of the department are printed within. Two-thirds of Part 1 consist of the "Report of the American Exploration Society's excavations at Gournia, Crete, 1901-1903," by Miss Harriet A. Boyd, plentifully illustrated by half-tones, cuts, sketch maps of Crete and the Isthmus of Hierapetra, and a plan of the central acropolis of Gournia, so far as excavated, with one colored plate. (Miss Boyd herself in the text designates her article as an "introduction to the Report.") Gournia is the modern name of an unknown ancient town, either Minoa or in the neighborhood of Minoa, on the north shore of the isthmus connecting the eastern end of the island with the main part of Crete. The excavations at this spot up to date have revealed "a well-preserved town, dating from the earlier period of the great palace at Knossos (about 1800-1500 B. C.), and containing a large quantity of tools, pottery, and other articles of daily use." Miss Boyd also describes, briefly, her explorations and excavations in the same neighborhood in 1900, prior to her engagement with the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia. Another article, by Professor Bates, describes a black-figured amphora, now in the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania, containing scenes from the Aethiopis, supposed to be the work of the well-known Attic painter, Amasis, a contemporary of Pisistratus. Mr. William H. Furness, 3d, with a keen sense of humor, and lovely tropical pictures as illustrations, tells about the extraordinary stone money of the Island of Uap in the Caroline group; and Mr. George Byron Gordon discusses "Chronological Sequence in the Maya Ruins of Central America." Part 2 is a reprint in English of a lecture delivered before the German court and university circles by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, entitled "In the Temple of Bel at Nippur." It is entirely of a popular, not scientific, character, and practically a reprint in both text and illustrations from his recent book on the excavations at Nippur, which has already been reviewed in these columns.

—The August *Library Journal* contains one article that might interest readers outside the craft, namely, Dr. Flügel's appreciation of "Henry Bradshaw: Librarian and Scholar," read before the Library Association of California. It cannot fail to awaken a desire to know more about this remarkable man, and they should be referred to Mr. Prothero's 'Memoir of Henry Bradshaw' (not 'Life' as Dr. Flügel calls it) (London, 1888), and to Bradshaw's 'Collected Papers' (not 'Letters and Papers') (Cambridge, 1889). When Bradshaw, in 1867, accepted the librarianship of Cambridge University, he gave up all hope of ever being able to make independent use of the vast amount of information in regard to manuscripts and early printed books, which he had accumulated during years devoted to research in Cambridge and elsewhere; he was truly a martyr to his own ideal of a librarian as "one who earns his living by attending to the wants of those for whose use the library under his charge exists—his primary duty being, in the widest possible sense of the phrase, to save the time of those who seek his services." By a happy coincidence, the July number of the *Library* publishes the first instalment of Bradshaw's correspondence with Mr. Winter Jones and other officials of the British Museum—inquiries about early printed books in the Museum Library, bits of information in regard to his own researches and discoveries, which he always felt in duty bound to report to headquarters, collations of rare books, and the like. It is a pity that the volume of Bradshaw's letters on scientific and literary subjects mentioned in the preface to Mr. Prothero's 'Memoir' has not been published. Even a selection from

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his notebooks might find a small circle of readers.

—Bradshaw was the founder of what may be called the "natural history" school of bibliography, the most successful exemplar of which was Robert Proctor, whose untimely death in the Alps was an irreparable loss to his science. More successful than his master, he had found time to complete his *magnum opus*, the 'Index to Early Printed Books in the British Museum.' Its first volume, dealing with the incunabula, was published in 1898, and gave its author at once reputation as one of the foremost bibliographers of the time; of the second volume, covering the period from 1500 to 1520, the part describing the productions of the German presses was in the printer's hands at the time of Proctor's death, while the material for the remainder was found to be in such shape that Mr. A. W. Pollard hopes to be able to complete it. Mr. Pollard will also issue in a separate volume Proctor's scattered papers on bibliographical subjects. The January and April numbers of the *Library* contain a biographical sketch of Proctor, and an estimate of his work, both by Mr. Pollard.

—Dr. Hugo Ganz of Vienna gives an interesting account in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of an evening he recently spent with Count Tolstoy, who discoursed with him for six hours on a variety of topics. He spoke, among other things, enthusiastically of a great enterprise for benefiting the masses which was started at his suggestion—the Posrednik. The Moscow publisher Gorbunoff prints annually several millions of good books, principally stories, which are sold at about cost price and take the place of the trash with which the markets used to be flooded. The Count looks on this as a continuation of school education and of even greater importance than that. He also spoke of his own reading, saying that at present he was entirely under the influence of two Germans, Kant and Lichtenberg. He admired the wit as well as the philosophy of Lichtenberg (who was one of Schopenhauer's favorite authors), and expressed his astonishment that the Germans should neglect him and go mad over a mere trifler and feuilletonist like Nietzsche, who is no philosopher at all, no searcher for truth. When his visitor ventured the opinion that the German-speaking countries have produced no really great author since Gottfried Keller, the Count expressed surprise, and said he had never heard of him. He declared his preference for Heine's poems over Goethe's; maintained that Shakspere as well as Goethe wrote only for æsthetic reasons, without shedding their heart blood, as Schiller did. Shakspere he spoke of as being coarse, immoral, a flatterer of the great and despiser of the small, a calumniator of the people, tasteless in his jokes, unjust in his sympathies. His art, too, is overrated, for he took all that is best in him from other writers. But the world is blind on this subject, owing to a species of hypnotism—"Massensuggestion." Concerning the Dreyfus affair, Tolstoy said that he had received probably a thousand letters at the time urging him to raise his voice, but that he did not care to, as he thought that altogether too much fuss had been made over the matter, which had degenerated into a newspaper epidemic.

—The 'Chronicon Adæ de Usk' was edited for the first time in 1876 by Sir E. M. Thompson from a unique manuscript in the British Museum. But this manuscript is incomplete, stopping at the year 1404. In 1885 the missing portion, which continues the record till 1421, came to light at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The discovery was made by agents of the Historical Manuscripts' Commission, but, through a misunderstanding of its true character, they did not communicate the fact to the editor, who had already published the earlier portion of the chronicle. Thus nearly twenty years have elapsed between the recovery of the text and its publication in conjunction with the manuscript of the British Museum. We make this bibliographical statement because, while the volume now issued by Sir E. M. Thompson is a second edition, it is far from being a second edition in the ordinary sense of the word. It contains matter which is essentially new in respect to both text and comment. Adam of Usk cannot be called a chronicler of the higher class, like William of Malmesbury or Matthew Paris, but the character of the information which he furnishes is rather distinctive. A native of Monmouthshire, he was born about 1352, and owed his first promotion to Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March. Through this patron he received an exhibition at Oxford, where he took the doctor's degree and eventually filled the chair of civil law. Owing to his legal acquirements he gained considerable prominence, but soon fell into disgrace through a singular act of brigandage. "Grievous is it," says Sir E. M. Thompson, "to have to relate that Adam of Usk, a doctor of laws of Oxford, a clergyman of standing, and one who enjoyed the protection of the great and powerful, . . . had, on the 2d November, 1400, taken to the road in Westminster and stolen a horse, color black, saddle and bridle, value one hundred shillings, together with the sum of fourteen marks in cash, all the property of one Walter Jakes; and that Adam and his servants, Edward Usk and Richard Edoyn, were convicted as common thieves." For this offence our author was driven into exile, but by no means lost his influence in the world, since he went to Rome and became chaplain to Pope Innocent VII. Eventually he returned to England, though not before he had seen enough of ecclesiastical affairs during the Schism to improve the quality of his chronicle. It is for social and ecclesiastical history rather than for politics and war that this narrative is valuable. Adam was not a monk, but a very active clerk, who saw a good deal of life in England and abroad. Hence his chronicle, though brief, has a note of its own and deserves such an editor as it has found.

LEWIS AND CLARK IN PURIS NATURALIBUS.

The Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806, for the first time published in full and exactly as written. Edited, with introduction, notes, and index, by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Seven volumes, with Atlas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

Are we getting too much of Lewis and Clark? The Germans are said to have complained because the Goethe admirers have edited the very shaving-papers of their idol and even the contents of his waste-baskets. Is there no danger that in a similar way Lewis and Clark will be "written to the dregs"? We have here presented every scrap that can be gleaned coming from the Captains and their men. Some certainly will declare that there is no time for this. For our part, we are not so minded. In the coming of these heroes the eyes of intelligent men first beheld the nobler features of the beautiful land that is our mother when at last the veil of mystery began to depart from them. From no achievement of our history have flowed consequences more important; no exploit has been put through with more manful efficiency, or better deserves to be set forth with all fulness of detail.

Dr. Thwaites, who puts these volumes in order for us, has now for some time been rising upon the world as a worker in Western history until at the present moment he may properly be regarded as our foremost authority in that field. Though born in Boston and educated in New England schools, his fate early threw him into the Mississippi Valley, with the conditions and development of which he has become intimately, indeed rather oddly, familiar. Though a scholar and writer, he has had a hankering always for the backwoods, and has explored the trails and streams as eagerly as the books. He has traced the course of the pathfinders, paddling his canoe down many of the historic waterways, hunting, camping, portaging in the ancient fashion, reproducing for himself so far as possible the old *voyageur* life. His most noteworthy exploit in this kind has been on the Ohio, down which he coursed in aboriginal fashion from its headwaters to its mouth for a thousand miles. Thus imbued with wilderness tastes, and at the same time thoroughly up in the books, Dr. Thwaites possesses precisely the equipment for editing such a series as the "Jesuit Relations," and now Lewis and Clark.

The story of the original records of the expedition is as follows. Jefferson, whose conduct of the whole matter of the expedition was most judicious, directed that not only the Captains but the men, if any of them were competent to do so, should make records, to be preserved as the most precious thing they carried. Such records were accordingly kept by the Captains, by the four sergeants, and, by two, possibly three, privates. On the return, Jefferson desired that an account based on these documents should at once be published. But before the publication could be managed, both Lewis and Clark had become absorbed in other ways. They had received, together with commissions as brigadier-generals, important assignments—Lewis to the governorship of Louisiana, and Clark to the office of Indian agent. The manuscripts waited; the sole authentic source of information concerning the enterprise meantime being the journal of Sergeant Patrick Gass, which appeared in 1807, a few months after the return.

Jefferson continued to press, and in 1809 Lewis set out for Philadelphia (where the documents had been put into the keeping of the American Philosophical Society), with the design of superintending the preparation and issue of the story already so

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long delayed. On the road came the tragedy of his death, which occurred at a lonely spot in Tennessee; probably a murder, though long believed to be a suicide. Jefferson now turned to Clark, who, having no taste or training for such work, after a time engaged Nicholas Biddle, subsequently famous and even then remarked for his brilliant gifts, to prepare a suitable narrative.

The data from which Biddle now set to work to make his digest consisted, first, of the journals of the Captains, together with papers in looser shape; second, the journal of Gass, as well as those of the Sergeants Ordway and perhaps Pryor, still in manuscript—journals which afterwards disappeared; and, third, the oral communications of Clark, who met Biddle in Virginia and elsewhere, and also of George Shannon, a bright boy who had been in the rank and file, and who was now brought on from Kentucky to give what help he could. Dr. Thwaites estimates that the memoranda in Biddle's hands amounted to a million and a half of words, from which, incorporating the oral suggestions of Clark and Shannon, he produced at last a digest of three hundred and seventy thousand words. This saw the light in 1814, eight years after the expedition returned. The Biddle digest took its place at once as a work of high and authoritative character. The fact that it was merely an abstract and not the veritable record of Lewis and Clark, was soon wellnigh forgotten. The mass of documents from which it had been derived was returned for the most part to the keeping of the American Philosophical Society, of which Jefferson was president; he earnestly asserted that every scrap relating to the enterprise belonged rightfully to the Government, and, with a wise appreciation of their value, demanded that all papers should be scrupulously guarded. He particularly regretted that the volume of scientific records did not appear. Dr. Barton, to whom the editorship was entrusted, died with the data in his hands, and, in spite of Jefferson's urgency, nothing was done to secure a successor.

The original records thus committed to the vault in Philadelphia were lost to sight for seventy-five years, and the story of their re-discovery is interesting. Dr. Elliott Coues of Washington, a scientist of eminence in Government employ, engaged about 1890 in preparing an annotated reissue of the Biddle text of Lewis and Clark, which had become a tolerably rare book. Though a man of incisive intelligence, likely to be informed as to all sources from which help might come, he was quite unaware of the existence close at hand to him in Philadelphia of the collection which Jefferson had protected. His work was finished and in the printer's hands, the galley proofs in fact undergoing inspection, when by chance he heard that possibly a treasure might lie concealed in the American Philosophical Society's vaults. Furnished with a letter from a son of Clark, he applied for permission to examine, and saw at once the importance of the find. He forthwith set about a complete revision of his work, incorporating with his notes many extracts from the original documents, and making very plain their value as imparting interest and accuracy—and flavor—to the story. Thus enriched, the work long withheld appeared in 1893, in four volumes, and takes rank in the first class in the literature of scientific travel.

As the centenary of the Lewis and Clark Expedition drew near, perhaps by some occult incitement from the spirit of Jefferson, the guardians of the documents became impressed with the appropriateness of publishing them in full in celebration of the occasion. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. undertook the publication; and Dr. Thwaites was fitly engaged as editor. Dr. Thwaites had an experience quite similar to that of Dr. Coues. He, too, had advanced far in his labors when he was startled and disconcerted (agreeably, we may well believe) by a most unexpected find. The documents at Philadelphia had been studied, annotated, and largely made ready, with the thought that nothing besides existed; the work was announced, the printers already engaged, when the revelation came in the following manner: Biddle, as we have said, is known to have used the journal of Sergeant Ordway, but it could not be found at Philadelphia. Thinking it possible it might be preserved by the descendants of Clark, to whom Ordway had sold it, Dr. Thwaites entered upon a correspondence with them, as a result of which the fact came out that the Philadelphia collection by no means contained all the relics of Lewis and Clark. Though Jefferson had pressed to have everything surrendered, Clark had retained much which the Voorhis family, descendants living in the city of New York, still carefully cherished and were willing to surrender. Dr. Thwaites hereupon recast his work so as to make it include the New York material, and, thus supplemented, it is now offered to the world. Dr. Thwaites presents: (1.) The Philadelphia deposit, consisting of eighteen carefully prepared note-books and a large mass of loose papers. (2.) The Voorhis collection, comprising four more careful note-books; an orderly book, in less formal shape, kept for the most part by Ordway, who was first sergeant, but in which there are entries by other hands; a field-book of Clark's, enclosed roughly in elk skin, carried in his pocket during the fall and early winter of 1805, as they were making their way down the Pacific slope; many letters of high interest; and finally sixty maps. (3.) To the documents left by the Captains are added the journal of Sergeant Floyd, never until now correctly printed, and the journal of Private Whitehouse, just discovered. The journal of Ordway, the hunt for which led to the finding of the Voorhis collection, still eludes the search, as do also those of Pryor, Frazier, and Shannon, if they ever existed.

It cannot be claimed that the "Original Journals" bring to light any new fact of importance. Biddle's good judgment saw to it that nothing essential should escape mention in his digest. The Originals contain more details, though occasionally Biddle gives something omitted in them, and presumably obtained from the oral communications of Clark or Shannon. But there is a personal quality about the Originals which makes them far more vivid and interesting than the digest; and in many a description there are touches, pruned away by Biddle, which make the picture graphic. It seems to have been proper etiquette in that generation to suppress the rank and file. Instead of giving the name of the actor in a deed, both Biddle and Gass are apt to put it "one of our men." In the Originals the name appears much more often, sometimes with a bit of racy comment, and the interest is greater. Touches of character, often quaint and amusing, appear in the Originals which the arranger cut out, so that as "human documents" the gain is vast. Lewis and Clark really stand out now for the first time clearly revealed in their individuality, contrasting and sharply marked types of manhood, yet both souls of heroic mould, supplementing each the other as they move among their perils. Lewis, of the two, is more a man of the pen, portraying at length with real zest plants, animals, phenomena, that come up to be described. His temperament is poetic, with eyes open to the beauty of nature; now and then appears a dash of humor. Some of his records are marked by delicacy, indeed by high spiritual refinement; and if now and then they are a bit sentimental and overstrained, the naïve and ingenuous confidence only endears the writer to us the more.

"June 18, 1805, I determined to give the river a name, and in honor of Miss Maria W—d called it Maria's River. It is true that the hue of the waters of this turbulent and troubled stream but illy comport with the pure celestial virtues and amiable qualifications of that lovely fair one, but, on the other hand, it is a noble river."

Here is the entry for August 17, 1805:

"This day I completed my thirty-first year, and conceived that I had in all human probability now existed about half the period which I am to remain in this sublunary world. . . . I viewed with regret the many hours spent in indolence, and now sorely feel the want of that information which those hours would have given me had they been judiciously expended. But since they are past and cannot be recalled, I dash from me the gloomy thought and resolved in future to redouble my exertions, . . . and in future to live for mankind as I have heretofore lived for myself."

Contrasting with Lewis, the records of Clark are often characterized by a frontier roughness. No doubt his diary was a sore trial to him, kept only because Jefferson had commanded it. The beauty of nature receives small attention. He drives bluntly at his topic without sentiment, introspection, or tautology, and is a law unto himself as to grammar and spelling. Though the appeal of nature awoke no vivid response in him, he was quick to recognize human worth. Of a starving tribe, he writes: "Those people are not begerley, but generous. Only one has asked me for anything, and he for powder." And of Sacâga-wea, the Bird-woman, the heroine of the expedition, he says: "To her I ascribe equal fortitude and resolution with any one on board." As woodsman and waterman, Clark was undoubtedly the superior; and in dealing with the tribes, though Lewis was in a high degree tactful and intrepid, Clark probably was the more dexterous. In the annals of the frontier, in fact, the great brothers Clark, George Rogers and William, are beyond all others past masters in the art of Indian management. William was, too, the surveyor and draughtsman of the enterprise. Although entirely untrained, he made numerous maps, which, with all their shortcomings, are still excellent cartographic examples. The Atlas containing the more elaborate of these, sixty in number, we have already noticed (*Nation*, April 28, 1904), and shall not here dwell upon. As remarkable as the maps are the many drawings of men,

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beasts, birds, plants, and natural objects, lavishly interspersed throughout the documents, on separate sheets, and also about the margins and within the text—off-hand sketches, charged with vigor and life.

Lewis and Clark had each their particular gifts, and each in his way was a fine type of manhood. How brave, humane, and high-purposed they were is now for the first time made plain in these Originals. The manly affection that bound them together, now also for the first time revealed in correspondence brought to light by Dr. Thwaites, and the momentous development flowing from their connected effort, make their friendship, as the editor declares, one of the most memorable in history.

It is a story most creditable, but, like all things human, it has its shadows—shadows now first made plain in this full unfolding. The rank and file were, to be sure, picked men and composed a most courageous and serviceable company; but they were gathered from garrisons and frontier communities where license and not law prevailed, as the rule, and had the vices of their station. As the rough edge of advancing civilization cuts into barbarism, it is the barbarian women who suffer first, and the Lewis and Clark expedition is only another illustration of the fact. Little restraint seems to have been put upon the men. As regards the subordination, moreover, to which the party was brought, we know now for the first time clearly the drastic and old-fashioned methods employed by the commanders to subdue their following. In great part it was at the start a body of turbulent and ill-disciplined youths. George Shannon was only sixteen when he enlisted, and others probably were not much beyond boyhood. Some of the best were at first unpromising. In the camp at Wood River, John Shields, Reuben Fields and John Colter, the very flower of the rank and file, gave trouble. For offences grave and light, floggings were inexorably administered. Read and Newman were not only whipped, but discharged. John Collins and Hugh Hall, for getting drunk on stolen whiskey, were whipped but not discharged. The case of Alexander Willard awakens sympathy—a young New Hampshire man of superb physique, who was picked as the best out of a hundred men. He afterwards lived in St. Louis as the friend and neighbor of Clark, but at 75 tramped across the continent again to Oregon. There he lived, in patriarchal dignity, the progenitor of twelve children, fifty grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren, till the age of 88. His breaking-in with Lewis and Clark grew out of the fact that, being accused of sleeping on guard, he pleaded guilty to lying down but not to sleeping. He was, however, adjudged to receive a hundred lashes "on the bear back," which were forthwith administered. Bratton used to tell his children that on such occasions the agents of the punishment were afraid to lay on mildly lest they themselves should suffer; and on one occasion a Ricara chief who was present wept at the sight and begged that mercy might be shown. It was the way of the world—a slaveholding world, in those days, and both Captains were Virginia-born. Moreover, flogging then prevailed in our army and navy. Strangely enough, the sufferers seemed to bear no rancor. After the first, the need for discipline apparently disappeared, and perfect harmony and obedience prevailed to the end.

As regards the work of Dr. Thwaites in arranging the vast and chaotic mass of material, and in providing it with proper introduction and notes, it is all that could be expected from a scholar so able and painstaking. Now and then a better word might have been chosen. We think it absurd to call Clark's spelling "phonetic." If the sounds the good Captain uttered answered at all to the strange combinations which he sometimes set upon his page, the very wilderness would have had a grievance. July 4, 1805, the party being then high up the Missouri, Lewis "witnessed a nois," a strange rumbling from the mountains like cannon fire. He speaks at other times of something similar. So far as we know, this has never been explained. The trenchant Dr. Coues in a note, after declaring the passage to have been much misconceived, denounces the "dunces" who have referred to it, but vouchsafes no solution of the mystery; nor does Dr. Thwaites, though the phenomenon well deserves to be accounted for. But oversights are rare, the friendly commentator being at hand for every difficulty. The bibliography of Mr. V. H. Paltsits is a marvel of minute accuracy. We shall take occasion later to notice the scientific memoranda, making volume six of the series, and also the Floyd and Whitehouse diaries, and the full appendix making volume seven. The Original Journals will appear also in an *édition de luxe*, sumptuously appointed, and embellished with the illustrations of Bodmer. These magnificent pictures of the Indians of the time of Lewis and Clark, prepared for the work of Maximilian, Prince of Wied, the early traveller, are held to surpass all others in interest.

WAGNER'S MOST INTERESTING LETTERS.—I.

Richard Wagner an Mathilde Wesendonk. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

In one of these letters to Frau Wesendonk, Wagner declares that whereas Goethe was *ein ganzer und vollkommener Augenmensch*—a man who lived entirely in the world of sight—he himself was "too much of an ear-man" (*zu entschieden Ohrenmensch*). Nevertheless, Goethe shared with Wagner and Schopenhauer a distressing sensitiveness to noise. Wagner suffered untold agonies, loss of sleep, and interruption of labor from the din incidental to city life, and this volume contains some amusing illustrations of the measures to which he resorted to escape it. His residence in Zurich being opposite a smithy, he paid the blacksmith to keep quiet during the morning hours which he devoted to composition. But the pianos in the neighborhood multiplied till he had to take to flight. At another time, when he was staying at the Hotel Schweizerhof in Lucerne, he tried in vain to preserve peace by paying, as long as he could afford it, for the rooms adjoining his. His maid did all she could to help him; "Vreneli," he writes, "is here my guardian angel; she intrigues and does her best to keep away troublesome neighbors; children are not tolerated on our story. Joseph has, moreover, stopped up the door to the adjoining room with a mattress and hung a portière over it, which gives my room a quite imposing theatrical appearance."

What Wagner always wanted, and what he could not afford to pay for, was an "Asyl"—a secluded retreat where he would hear nothing save the song of birds and other sounds of nature. It was, therefore, a stroke of good fortune that, at the most creative period, such an "Asyl" was provided for him. His friend, Otto Wesendonk, a wealthy associate of a New York silk house, owned a luxurious and beautifully situated villa on an eminence near Zurich, of which a picture is included in the present volume. A stone's throw from it, Herr Wesendonk erected a small building which he placed at the disposal of Wagner, who occupied it with his wife for sixteen months, during which he was engaged on his "Tristan and Isolde." He had first become acquainted with the Wesendonk family at Dresden in 1852, five years before he accepted their hospitable offer of the "Asyl"; in 1853 an intimate friendship was established between them at Zurich. Wagner read his poems to Frau Wesendonk, played Beethoven and his own music for her, initiated her into the philosophy of Schopenhauer, and otherwise wrote his wisdom on her mind, which, in her own words, he had found "like a white sheet of blank paper." Her husband gave him an American gold pen, with which he wrote the whole of the orchestral score of "Die Walküre"; and subsequently, when Wagner needed money, bought this score of him, and afterwards presented it to the King of Bavaria. He further advanced a large sum on the unwritten parts of the Nibelung Tetralogy, without asking or expecting restitution. He may be classed, in short, with Liszt and Ludwig II. as one of Wagner's leading benefactors. "But Otto must really be awfully tired of me," the composer wrote to Frau Wesendonk in 1863; "always ready to help me, how often he has thought that now at last I must be able to get along; yet we always come back to the old spot—nothing seems to avail—it is all thrown away."

In his Swiss asylum Wagner would have been happy to spend the rest of his life; but it was not to be. In a long letter which he wrote to his sister Kläre on August 20, 1858, he explained why he finally felt constrained to leave. This letter is included in the present volume, but the editor injudiciously omitted a paragraph which throws an interesting light on the situation. In this paragraph (printed in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau* of September 23, 1902) Wagner says that his intimate friendship with Frau Wesendonk aroused her husband's jealousy, but that she succeeded in allaying this feeling to such an extent that he not only remained on the best of terms with his guest, but continued to assist him materially. A volume of letters ('Briefe R. Wagner's an Otto Wesendonk'), the last of which is dated 1870, gives eloquent evidence of the cordial relations that continued to exist between the two men. The trouble came from Wagner's wife; she looked on the friendship between her husband and Frau Wesendonk as a common intrigue, and acted accordingly; the upshot being that Wagner took her away from the "Asyl," to which he never again returned.

It is impossible to read this volume of letters without concluding that Frau Wagner (the composer's first wife, of course, is here in question) did him as great an injustice in thus doubting his conduct as she

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did him harm in driving him away from a place so ideally suited for creating operas. To his sister, Wagner wrote: "Since our union was out of the question, our deep affection took on the sad, melancholy character which wards off all that is common and low, and finds its sole source of joy in the other's happiness." The very fact that Frau Wesendonk (who died in 1902) gave orders that this correspondence should be printed verbatim, without omissions, evinces her conviction that it would silence all doubt and malicious gossip. It might be said that Frau Wagner's character had the natural effect of intensifying the intimacy against which her jealousy raged. Frau Wesendonk was in all these respects the reverse of Frau Wagner. To her he played in the afternoon what he had composed in the morning, sure of her sympathetic appreciation. With her he could talk over his plans, his hopes, his disappointments, and his moods, whether *himmelhoch jauchzend* or *zum Tode betrübt;* and when he had left the "Asyl," letters had to take the place of conversation. "Once on a time," he writes three years after the separation, "I found the heart and the soul that in such moments understood me completely, and which I loved because of this perfect appreciation. . . . You are the angel of my repose, the guardian of my life." On another occasion he tells her about the deep impression made on him by a perusal of "Lohengrin" and of his plans for a new opera, "The Victor," which was to be a sort of sequel to "Lohengrin." "I cannot write you anything but such gossip"; he adds, "that alone seems worth while. And you are the only one with whom I love to gossip about such things; and when I do, time and space, which encompass naught but torture and distress, are annihilated." He tells her that he is more sincere with her than with himself; that it would be impossible for him to communicate his thoughts to a man in the same way as to her; that he always felt safest when he allowed her feelings and suggestions to guide him. But the most striking proof of his devotion to this remarkable woman is that, after he left the "Asyl," he wrote a special diary for her, in which he confided to her his inmost thoughts almost daily for several months. The preface to the present volume states that he wished this diary as well as his letters to be destroyed; but Frau Wesendonk ignored this request—most fortunately, for this book contains many pages that are more fascinating even than Wagner's letters to Liszt, both musically and personally. Nowhere else, indeed, does Wagner show his character in such a favorable light; the late Dr. Hanslick himself might have here learned to pity and love his old foe.

Musically, too, this friendship bore valuable fruit. Frau Wesendonk was not only able to appreciate her poet-musician, she herself had a poetic gift. "You have become a poetess in the noblest sense of the word," he once wrote to her; and every singer is familiar with the five poems of hers which he set to music. Two of these —"Träume" and "Im Treibhaus"—he himself designated as Studies to "Tristan and Isolde." "I have never done anything better than these songs," he wrote to her; "few of my works can be placed beside them." On a subsequent occasion he goes so far as to say concerning "Träume": "God knows, I now like this song better than the scene in the opera. Heavens, this is more beautiful than anything I have done. I quiver in my deepest nerves when I hear it." The personal element enters into this judgment, to be sure, but so it does in the case of the opera. "Tristan and Isolde" is largely autobiographic. In a letter dated December 21, 1861, he exclaims: "That I wrote 'Tristan' I owe to you, and thank you therefor from my deepest soul to all eternity." The first act of the opera was composed in the "Asyl," and the situation in it is not unlike that of Wagner and his friend as described in that letter to his sister: "We at once recognized the fact that we could never think of being united; hence we became resigned, gave up every selfish wish, suffered, endured, but—loved one another."

The second act of "Tristan" was composed in Venice, whence the letters to Frau Wesendonk contain many interesting details regarding the progress and process of composition and Wagner's life in that romantic city, which seemed like a dream:

"For the first time I breathe this invariably delicious pure air; the faery-world aspect of the city keeps me as by magic in a melancholy-joyous condition. When I take a gondola ride in the evening to the Lido, I seem to hear a long-drawn-out soft violin tone such as I love and once compared you to; now you can imagine how I feel here on the sea by moonlight."

Of course this mood did not continue any more than the fine weather, but his opera absorbed him more and more; early in October, 1858, he resumed work on it, and on December 8 he writes: "I feel as if I should like to devote all the rest of my life to this music. Oh, it will be deep and beautiful. . . . Anything equal to this I have after all not written before." By the tenth of the following March he had completed the second act, and pronounced it the summit of his art up to that time. "For my art I need the world less and less; so far as my health permits, I should be capable of working on always in this way even if none of this music should ever be performed." "With such care do I compose everything that the shortest phrase assumes as much importance as a whole act." "The other evening Ritter and Winterberger succeeded in persuading me to play the principal things, and a fine state of mind was the result! All my former works, poor things, were cast aside for this one act. Thus do I rage against myself, and always assassinate all my offspring but one." The last act followed close upon the second. On August 27 he writes joyfully: "Don Felix [Draeseke] asserts that the third act of 'Tristan' is even more beautiful than the second. But concerning this matter I beg you to set him right thoroughly. Am I to tolerate such things?" When he began this act, in April, he wrote: "I see clearly that I shall never more invent anything; that one highest period of bloom started such a multitude of germs within me that I now need only to resort to them to raise my flowers with ease." A little later: "Child, this 'Tristan' will be something terrible! This last act!!! I fear the opera will be forbidden—unless a poor performance should make a parody of it; only a mediocre performance can save me! Really good ones must make the hearers insane." "Child, child, I have just shed tears while composing. . . . It is enormously tragic! All overwhelming!"

Frau Wesendonk was not only the actual heroine of this, the most Wagnerian of operas; it was also her good fortune to be made the first recipient of the detailed plans for "Parsifal." At the time when her acquaintance with Wagner began, the "Parsifal" had not yet been differentiated from "Tristan"; ultimately he transferred to it not only some things that he had intended for the last act of "Tristan," but also some of the material for two operas which he never wrote: "Der Sieger" and "Jesus von Nazareth." We see from these letters that while he was in the midst of the "Tristan" composition the "Parsifal" story was gradually shaping itself in his mind. In the Diary, on October 1, 1858, he refers to the Good Friday scene in the third act of "Parzival" (the spelling Parsifal was not used till 1877); in the following January he says that his mind is filled with presentments of Sawitri and Parzival. On March 2 he writes: "The 'Parzival' has occupied me much of late; particularly does a peculiar character, a wonderfully world-demonic woman, the Grail messenger [Kundry], appear before me more and more vividly and fascinatingly. If I should ever succeed in finishing this poem it would be something very original. Only I fail to see how I can live long enough to carry out all my plans." On May 30 he begins to show alarm at the evocations of his own fancy. Referring to "Tristan" he writes:

"This last act is a real fever—the deepest, unprecedented suffering and longing, followed at once by unprecedented exultant joy. Heaven knows, no one has ever taken his art so seriously, and Semper is right. It is this that has quite recently prejudiced me against the 'Parzival.' It became clear to me that it would be a most onerous undertaking. Accurately considered, Anfortas [*sic*] is the principal and central figure. But that makes a stupendous story. Try to imagine, for heaven's sake, what it means! To my mind it became clear suddenly with a terrifying effect; it is my 'Tristan' with an inconceivable intensification."

He proceeds to sketch the tragic situation, and adds: "Am I to carry out such a thing, and even compose music for it? No, thank you very much! Let who will do that; I shall keep it off my shoulders." Then three more pages about the drama, and again the exclamation: "Am I to assume such a task? God save me! This very day I take leave of this senseless project; let Geibel write the poem and Liszt the music," he adds playfully. But in August, 1860, he writes again, from Paris: "Once more my mind has been quite busy of late with 'Parzival'; it is becoming more and more lucid; when once all the details have ripened, the writing of this poem must prove an unheard-of pleasure to me. Before that is done, however, many years may pass. I should like, too, in this case, for once, to let the poem stand without music." Five years later, at the urgent desire of Ludwig II., he wrote out a complete sketch of the "Parsifal" drama and sent it to the King with the words: "The time has come; the greatest, most perfect works remain to be created."

LOGICAL LIGHTS.

Ch. Renouvier, Membre de l'Institut: Les Derniers Entretiens. Recueillis par Louis Prat. Paris: Armand Colin. 1904. Pp. 107.

Studies in Logical Theory. By John Dewey.

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With the Coöperation of Members and Fellows of the Department of Philosophy. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series, Volume XI.) University of Chicago Press. 1903. 8vo. Pp. 378.

The metaphysical and logical philosophy of Charles Bernard Renouvier, who died on the first day of last September, aged eighty-eight years and eight months, is the most highly esteemed of any by the average Frenchman of to-day; or, as Renouvier himself perhaps more accurately put it, "il est entendu que Renouvier est très fort, mais on ne le lit pas." Considering that the proper date of it is 1848, or earlier, its style and method being those of that period, and its determinative elements having been fixed not long after that date, its reasonings must be praised for their strictness, in comparison with those of metaphysicians generally. Indeed, had their author, instead of coming from the arena of political journalism to take up philosophy when the *Coup d'État* had shut his mouth to the socialism he had been talking, only received a sound training in any successful branch of scientific research, his native vigor of intellect would have shaped those reasonings to rise above the level of other metaphysical argumentations, and would have caused them to prove something—or, at any rate, to go towards proving something. He himself maintained that the fundamentals of his system were as perfectly demonstrated as the theorems of mathematics, if not more so. When, at last, he came to perceive that a senile ossification of his tissues had advanced so far as to leave him now but a few days more to live—a week or a fortnight, he imagined—with a tremendous effort he gathered all his forces in order to pour into the ear of his devoted disciple and bosom friend, M. Louis Prat, some last philosophical injunctions that to him seemed precious above rubies.

Beginning appropriately (though he may not have noticed the coincidence) on the feast of St. Augustine, August 28—it fell upon a Friday—he spoke continuously from one o'clock till three, and then, after half an hour's intermission, for near two hours longer, M. Prat taking notes, stenographic or other. On the morrow, a very long forenoon discourse was supplemented by a shorter one before sunset. Sunday brought another lecture; Monday two—one in the afternoon, the other from nine to eleven in the evening. At 8:45 the next morning he expired. So undeniable was his earnestness. Apostle and martyr of the gospel of work, he was determined to expend his energy to its last grain in doing his duty. Another philosopher in his place might have thought that, since his doctrine was capable of demonstration, it must eventually be acknowledged, no matter with what contumely it was received at first, and that his business should be confined to presenting once for all a demonstration of it that any vaporous supplement could only mar; decency, indeed, forbidding that a priest of divine philosophy should put her into a position of mendicance for a lodging. But (singular scepticism!) this continuator of the great optimist, Leibniz, had no confidence in his own doctrine's ever coming to be generally received, for all its scientific and demonstrative truth. He had reckoned up the chances and found them adverse.

He hated to die; and in these talks—not "*entretiens*," by the way, since there were no interlocutors, nor any subject agreed upon at the outset—we cannot detect any marked falling off of intellectual powers as compared with the 'Essais de Critique Générale,' the 'Science de la Morale,' and 'La Nouvelle Monadologie,' to say nothing of last year's 'Le Personnalisme.' Being in such possession of his faculties, and in no great bodily pain as long as he kept still, it would have seemed unnatural if he had relished the idea of death. He said: "Je m'en vais. Il me semble que je glisse sur une pente, et je dois, par moments, faire un effort pour me retenir. C'est étrange! ce glissement dans l'inconnu a comme une espèce d'attrait pour moi." He was interested in his own interesting personality; and the little volume is far better worth reading for its human elements than for any utility to a scientific philosophy. It gives two portraits.

The volume of which Professor Dewey is the father forms a part of the University of Chicago's exhibit of an impressive decade's work, and is a worthy part of it, being the monument of what he has done in his own department. Here are eleven essays, four by himself, defining his conception of the business of the logician, seven by the students whom he has helped to form and set upon their own intellectual legs. It affords conclusive proof of the service he has rendered to these accomplished thinkers and, no doubt, to others; and they in their turn will render to another generation services of the same nature. Whatever there was to be gained by contact with a sincere student of philosophy, as such, they have manifestly gained. Are there any further services that logic could be expected to perform? Are any logical questions now being agitated in the different sciences? Is there any such question as to the constitution of matter, the value of mechanical hypotheses, now open in physics? Are there any methods as to more or less statistical methods of philological and historical criticism? If there are such questions, has past experience gone to show that there was any help to be had from broader sweeps of study than specialists can make? Is it worth while to examine at all into the questions here asked; and if it be, is it best to carry to them vague impressions, or the exactest conceptions that studies specially directed to them have been able to evoke?

There are specialists who are disposed to think any inquiries from the outside into their methods are impertinent. They say, with perfect justice, that they understand fully their own business, and wish to be let alone. Unquestionably, they must be right. There is, however, another class of specialists whose aims are of such a nature that they can sometimes make good use of ideas which have grown up in other studies. Such specialists, when they have created, say, physical chemistry, the new astronomy, physiological psychology, stylometry, etc., have sometimes gained a certain measure of esteem even from those of straiter sects. It has often happened that general studies of logic have resulted in such applications of one science to another. Analytical geometry was first conferred upon the human race as an illustrative example of the 'Discours de la Méthode.' The group of writers whom, abandoning all attempt at finding a descriptive designation, we may roughly call the English school of logicians, meaning, for example, Boole, De Morgan, Whewell, J. S. Mill, Jevons, Venn, Pearson, MacColl, etc., while pursuing studies often purely theoretical, are nevertheless taking a road which may be expected to lead to results of high value for the positive sciences. Those whom we may as roughly call the German school of logicians, meaning such writers as Christoph Sigwart, Wundt, Schuppe, Benno Erdmann, Julius Bergmann, Glogau, Husserl, etc., are engaged upon problems which must be acknowledged to underlie the others, but attack them in a manner which the exact logicians regard as entirely irrelevant, because they make *truth*, which is a matter of fact, to be a matter of a way of thinking or even of linguistic expression. The Chicago school or group are manifestly in radical opposition to the exact logicians, and are not making any studies which anybody in his senses can expect, directly or indirectly, in any considerable degree, to influence twentieth-century science.

Prof. Dewey regards himself as radically opposed to the German school, and explains how he is so. We must confess that had he not put so much emphasis upon it, we should hardly have deemed the point of difference so important; but we suppose he must know what his own affiliations are and are not. He seems to regard what he calls "logic" as a natural history of thought. If such a natural history can be worked out, it will undoubtedly form valuable knowledge; and with all our heart we wish the Chicago school godspeed in their enterprise of discovery. But their task will call for such extreme subtlety, precision, and definiteness of thought that we hope their new science will not disdain to take a lesson, if not from any of the older logicians of the country, nor from that American thinker who first essayed to use his great powers of observation to establish a natural history of mental products—we mean Dr. James Rush—at least from the well-established natural history of Nature, chemistry, botany and zoology; the lesson, to wit, that a natural history can hope to begin a successful course of discovery only from the day when it abandons altogether the trivial language of practical life, and sets up a thoroughly new glossary of words exclusively its own, thereby not confusing our meagre philosophical vocabulary with the burden of added meanings to old words. If calling the new natural history by the name of "logic" (a suspicious beginning) is to be a way of prejudging the question of whether or not there be a logic which is more than a mere natural history, inasmuch as it would pronounce one proceeding of thought to be sound and valid and another to be otherwise, then we should regard this appropriation of that name to be itself fresh confirmation of our opinion of the urgent need of such a normative science at this day.

The Life of Horace Binney. With selections from his letters. By Charles Chauncey Binney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Horace Binney was a great lawyer in a generation of great lawyers; in fact, professionally he was a leader among the eminent men who have made our law famous.

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The Girard will case, when almost lost, was won by him against Webster; he might, had he chosen, been a judge of the Supreme Court; in his old age, his modesty obliged him to disclaim the titular headship of the American law. But, as his grandson's volume shows, he was a remarkable man in many other ways, and the public owes the author a debt of gratitude for this record of his life.

The preface explains why no complete memoir has been before published (Mr. Binney died nearly thirty years since); and the explanation throws a light upon two strongly marked traits of his character, his modesty and his delicacy of feeling. The first made him averse to the idea of becoming the subject of a biography; it was apparently owing to an extraordinary sensitiveness to his correspondents' "right of privacy" that he made a habit throughout his life of destroying all the letters he received:

"Had his oldest son survived him, this lack could and probably would have been made up for by personal knowledge, but it was not known until a few years ago that many of Mr. Binney's letters had been preserved by the families of those who had received them. This discovery made it possible to prepare a fairly connected account of his whole life, but, owing to lapse of time, it has been left to one whose personal knowledge is only a memory of boyhood to attempt what could have been much better done by those of a generation ago."

Thus it is that we have been hitherto without any proper life of a man very distinguished while alive, who was born while the war of the Revolution was still going on, who belonged to the generation and professional rank of Webster and Story, whose active professional life came to an end twenty years before the civil war opened, and who died ten years after that war ended, at the venerable age of ninety-five.

Of New England ancestry, Mr. Binney was born in Philadelphia. He entered Harvard at the age of thirteen, and throughout his life saw much of the world; but it was as a citizen of Pennsylvania that he made his mark. His relation to public life was a simple one. He cordially detested American politics, but felt himself at the same time obliged to discharge any public duty that he might be imperatively called upon to undertake. He allowed himself to be elected to Congress, where, in the contest over the removal of the deposits, he played an important part, vehemently attacking Jackson, though without the venom which distinguishes much of the political controversy of that time. It is not too much to say that Mr. Binney was, and felt himself to be, handicapped in the political career of that day because he was a gentleman. Born a Federalist, he came of age just at the time when that party was passing forever from power. For one who could not be a Democrat, and to whom "Whig" never meant anything, the country, through the gradual democratization of its institutions, and especially through the democratization of the judiciary, seemed to have been delivered over to the Evil One; and Mr. Binney lived and died without ever being a party man. He was, as his grandson suggests, a "Mugwump" before mugwumpery as a political force was organized. It was only when the civil war broke out and all good citizens united to save the country that he was able to take sides with hearty good will, and help to vindicate in his old age the Federalist ideal of his youth.

Mr. Binney was a man who united in a remarkable manner sturdy common sense with a high degree of sensibility. A man less egotistic or more delicately alive to obligations it would have been hard to find during his lifetme. On the other hand, his thoroughly healthy, virile character saved him from all illusions and morbidness. There is not much to quote from him, but we may except his reflections on a lawyer's life (given at some length in chapter v.), which show what an extremely sane view he took of his profession and its limitations.

In gaining his position as a leader of the bar, we are told that his greatest strength lay in his thoroughness and sincerity. Of the former, some of the evidence is preserved in Binney's Reports of the decisions of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. It was the combination of both traits which early won him the confidence of the bench. So much nonsense has been written on the subject of a lawyer's duty to sacrifice everything to his client's interest, that it is interesting to see what he thought about it.

"I may say to my children," he wrote, in reviewing his career, "that I never knowingly committed an injustice towards a client or the opposite party. I never prosecuted a case that I thought a dishonest one, and I have washed my hands of more than one that I discovered to be such after I had undertaken it, as well as declined many which I perceived to be so when first presented to me."

It must be observed, too, that in mentioning his avoidance of stratagems, tricks, and artifices, he does not claim any special virtue, but very candidly dwells upon this course of conduct as having been highly advantageous to him in gaining the confidence of court and bar. Like Franklin, he never forgot that honesty is the best policy; but this was not the reason why he was honest.

When a lawyer is gone, it is often difficult for the next generation to make out in what his professional force chiefly lay. In Mr. Binney's case we suspect we should not be far wrong were we to guess that he most nearly resembled lawyers like Kent and Story; and that, in not securing him, the bench lost the services of one who would have been a very distinguished judge. He does not seem to have been a great jury lawyer, though we get the impression of one who had considerable command of language and force of expression. "Eloquent" in conversation he is called by one of his last visitors. Strikingly handsome he must have been, to judge by the reproductions of Sully's and Stuart's portraits and the photograph taken at the age of eighty—and in the forensic career the presence of the man always counts for something.

He saw within his own lifetime the rise and spread of democracy throughout the world, and in his own country the destruction by it of that colonial aristocracy which, when he was born, was in control of government and society. He sympathized with no feature of the movement, except that it involved the abolition of slavery. Otherwise he detested democracy, chiefly because it represented to him a species of tyranny over the individual conscience. He really remained to the end what he had begun—a follower of Hamilton in believing some species of constitutional monarchy, combined with representative institutions, to be the best form of government in the world. How far he was right in the belief that it is the inevitable effect of democracy to lead us to undervalue integrity, and to put at the head of all the virtues the low art of gaining power by pandering to the prejudices and passions of the populace, is a question which carries us back two generations. So thoroughly has democracy won the day that we have ceased even to be interested in the question. But on one point Mr. Binney was so clearly right that his opinions here recorded have been already vindicated by time. He foresaw much of what short elective judicial terms would lead to, and foretold it. We, who have lived to see judicial nominations put up for sale to the highest bidder, can now perceive without difficulty how right the old conservatives were in their views of this subject.

Okoubo. Par Maurice Courant. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1904.

Those who insist that the Japanese are not only a young nation, but in origin a "white" race, find the best illustration of their theory in Okubo, "the brain" of the Restoration of 1868 and the chief builder of the new Japan. His mind worked like that of a European, and in dress and carriage, in personal appearance and action, with full mustache and luxuriant side-whiskers, he seemed so much like one that it was hard to believe that he was a pure-blooded Japanese. Maurice Courant, already known for his scholarly work in Korean bibliography, has with keen insight and literary charm presented a vivid picture of this native of Satsuma, who lifted the Mikado out of myth and mystery and set his feet on the solid earth. Courant shows that the great minister was a Japanese of the Japanese, and that the spirit impelling him was that of the native *bushido* and not imported from the Occident, while his blood for untold generations past had run in the veins of the Satsuma clan, out of which so many of the leaders of modern Japan have sprung.

In the Japan of 1830, into which Okubo was born, there were mobs of figureheads but few men of light or leading. Yedo was then, as Tokio is now, the chief centre of power. Of the two or three hundred feudal barons or daimios, only five or six were of any personal importance. Yet in the capitals or castle towns of these few were groups of scholars, reformers, and earnest men waiting for the salvation of the nation and ready to achieve it. Nominally a despotism ruled Japan, but in reality it was a democracy of the cultured samurai or gentry. These able men of inferior rank purposely let their nominal masters live in luxury and even debauchery, so that they themselves, lying low and hidden, could rule while screening their larger purpose. All the moral forces were in Confucianism, for Buddhism was hopelessly impotent in the dry rot of superstition. Around the ancestral temple of the Satsuma clan gathered the men whose aim was to ruin the work of Iyeyasu and make a new, or rather a revived, nation.

Yet in curious, almost amusing, contrast to those Japanese of to-day who ostentatiously, almost blatantly, ascribe all victory and success to "the virtues of His Ma-

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jesty," the good theocrat in Tokio, and who tell us that the spring of all power and the secret of Japan's renascence lie in the (quite recently expanded) theories of imperialism and the exaltation of the Emperor, the early "Mikado-reverencers," even to 1850, knew not the theory formed later. The purpose of Okubo and of Nariaki, his master, was not at first the supremacy of the Mikado, but the union of the two governments of Kioto and Yedo, and the practical fusion of the Court and landed nobilities (*kugé* and *daimio*). Not until the advent of foreigners did Okubo and his fellow-workers conceive and plan for the supremacy of the Emperor and for absolute imperialism.

With profound political sagacity, Okubo divined the force and trend of the invisible currents in both the air and the ocean of the world's politics, and his home and foreign policy was directed to the one end of a unified Japan able to resist even Russia. Whether a game of war or peace, Okubo was resolved on the subordination of China in the Oriental, and the humbling of Russia in the Occidental world, while he toiled to make Japan great and to bridge the chasm between the East and West. He swept away feudalism, crushed the Korean war project of 1874, personally appeared in Peking to settle the Formosa affair, resisted the agitation of the Liberals for a Parliament, and strenuously drove forward economic development and railroad-building. Having broken with his old comrade Saigo, now become the reactionary, he met with unquailing courage and put down the Satsuma rebellion of 1877. Then, with the élan and joyous welcome of the willing martyr who already beholds the transfiguration of his ideal, he met the assassins and death. His work was done, and he knew it. The ability of Japan to face Russia today results, in a vast degree, from the prescience and tireless practical genius of Okubo. He among the first had the vision. His was the service also to actualize the dream.

To have lived such a life in forty-seven years (1830-1877) is granted only to the elect sons of men. How Okubo's memory, even in his opposition to a Parliament before Japan was ready for it, seems already amply vindicated in the history of the fifteen years of the Diet's existence! Nominally governed, in constitutional imperialism, as a limited monarchy, with upper and lower houses of Parliament, Japan is in reality ruled, as Holland is, by a Council of State, composed of the sovereign and a few elect elders, with a nominal legislature that votes supplies, but is bowled down by the premier whenever it is hostile or shows "unreasonable opposition."

Securing his data from original sources, with illustrations in sidelight gathered from a mighty wealth of Japanese authorities of the first order of value, M. Courant has given us a glowing picture, of which we know not whether to admire more the vividness or the accuracy. The portrait, both in text and in photogravure, is wonderfully like the Okubo whom we knew and talked with. In this series of "Ministres et Hommes d'état," we wonder if any of the other volumes contain two hundred pages of more fascinating biography. Amid the hill ranges of books on Japan, this rises like a peak.

The Gems of the East (The Philippine Islands). By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are informed that this book is the "most complete work yet published on the topography, ethnology, civil and political conditions of the Philippines to-day," and it is also given to us as the most interesting and valuable descriptive book of travels in the islands. Most space is devoted to the author's "observations" upon the characteristics, physical and other, of some of the Philippine people. He inserts many photographs meant to illustrate these observations, and likewise tables of measurements ostensibly of value. In only one case, however, do these tables indicate how many individuals were measured to form the basis of his averages, and, when we find that his Moros are frequently taller than the members of the hill-tribes of Mindanao (the so-called "Indonesians"), as are also the stunted Mangyanes of Mindoro (of whom he must have seen but a handful, if any at all), we pass the measurement tables by without further attention. Mr. Landor is continually finding likenesses between the most diverse types in the Philippines and the Papuans or the hairy Ainus of the Japanese northland; one wonders if he has ever seen the Papuans or the Ainus. He rehearses to us the stale stories about human sacrifices and cannibalism among the hill tribes of the Davao region, but throws no light on the subject. He would have us believe that he, alone and unarmed and not speaking their language, put a large band of supposedly very bloodthirsty headhunters in the Cordillera of Northern Luzon to rout by the firmness of his presence—or, perhaps, by the flash of his eye. Similarly, in eastern Mindanao, where he thinks he found a "white tribe," he, single-handed, stormed the tree-houses of the savages who make human sacrifices, and who, he cautiously hints, may be cannibals. Then he calmed the denizens of these aerial perches, which he had reached on strips of bamboo and over the waving tops of bamboo clumps, by gently rubbing them and stroking their hair, as one would a cat; we are not informed if they purred. Every one knows there are headhunters in Luzon, though they are mostly a pretty good sort of fellows to meet, after all, and headhunting is a kind of ceremonial custom among them, which they long since ceased to practise upon white men, unless a white man is deliberately looking for trouble among them. It is reasonably sure that there are occasional human sacrifices in the interior of Mindanao, but if there is cannibalism in connection with it (as is by no means proved as yet), it is of a ceremonial character and is rare.

Mr. Landor's observations on native languages are utterly worthless. In the first place, he has no conception at all of the formation or the grammar of the principal Philippine dialects, nor does he seem to have any fair understanding of what agglutinative languages are like in general. If he had taken the pains to post himself in this particular, he might have made some contributions to knowledge during his brief and hasty trip; at any rate, he might have avoided falling into ridiculous errors. We discover from his frequent misspellings that he has little or no knowledge of the Spanish language, though he quotes a long sentence or two indicative of fluency in it. For communication with the natives everywhere, he did not therefore have even this assistance to successful interpretation, and was dependent on hearsay, yet he never distinguishes between what was told him in a given district and what he is supposed to have learned for himself; in fact, is chary of giving credit at all. He aimed first for the island of Palawan and its many smaller neighbors, where he might have done some interesting work. Instead, he has brought forth only a hodge-podge of information and misinformation. He is continually talking about the Tagbanuas (which word he persistently misspells, to suit his English taste for "Tagbanoua") as if they were a separate and distinct tribe, instead of various bands, both of mixed and of rather pure ancestry, badly classified under one imperfect designation by the Spaniards ("Tagbanua" meaning "people of the place," or "aborigines"). He tells us gravely that no words in "Tagbanua" (which is not the name of a dialect at all) begin with w, h, v, x, y, or z; inasmuch as there is no h, v, x, or z in the Malay dialects. this will not seem unduly strange.

Mr. Landor tells of gutta percha being obtained on Tawi-tawi from the *Ficus elastica*, which is a rubber-tree—something altogether different and distinct. He says that the little swift which builds the edible nests so prized as a delicacy by the Chinese, builds them with gum from a tree (one would infer he meant by bearing this gum for the purpose as other birds bear twigs, hair, etc.); and he calls the *ipil*, the solid, iron-like wood of the Philippines, which will sink in water, a "porous" wood. One might get the impression from his "topographical notes," which are most frequent and generally impertinent, that he had been in many places which he actually saw only on the map; these notes in such cases read suspiciously as if derived from the Government publications, Military Notes on the Philippines, or the Philippine Gazetteer, neither of which, by the way, is to be depended upon for accuracy. He puts Basilan in the Sulu archipelago; he repeatedly confuses in his writing the east and west shores of bays, east and west coasts of islands, etc.; finally, he caps the climax, for a "topographical authority," by stating that he came to Manila from Santa Cruz on the Laguna de Bay by passing through Bataan and Zambales provinces. Just why he made this trip at all, or why he mentions those provinces as visited by him, it is hard to explain on any other ground than that he was seeking to be able to say he had been "all over the Philippine archipelago." This it was, apparently, which led him to merely walk across Sebú island, and to do the same by night across Negros (never seeing at all, by the way, the curious primitive mountaineers of Negros, whom an ethnologist might well be expected to hunt out). He pooh-poohs the difficulties of exploring the interior of Mindoro; but it is noteworthy that he refused its challenge, and simply reports upon its people from hearsay (and inaccurately). He foots up 16,000 miles of travel in his 250 days in the archipelago; one would like to see an itinerary, even though almost all his mileage was by sea.

He did, however, spend almost all his time on land in the out-of-the-way places.

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For this reason he should have been more cautious in giving information and passing criticism on the vastly more important and more populous districts of the Christian Filipinos. Modern sanitation and its methods are especially abhorrent to him, and he loses no chance for a fling at the efforts of the military and civil authorities in the islands to fight the spread of cholera. He has no patience with the American attempts at establishing an educational system in the islands, which he is sure is all wrong, because it does not consist entirely of manual training. If he had read more of the history of the Spanish régime in the authorities which he contemptuously disregards, he would go a little more slowly in praising Spain for having done wonders in public works for the islands, whether or no he liked the present American methods of building roads, schoolhouses, barracks, etc.

Is there nothing good to be said about the book? We hoped so when we came to the descriptions of Mr. Landor's experiences among the Moros of the Lake Lanao region, which he had the good fortune to visit when Pershing was engaged in his expedition of 1903 against Fort Bakolod and other strongholds. We get several rather interesting pictures of this expedition, which the author accompanied, and a few details that are of value, but no real insight into the *situation that exists there, into the policy* that was pursued by the Americans up to the break which came under Baldwin and Chaffee in 1902, leading to the present rather turbulent conditions. The author took no trouble to find out anything more than the few facts here and there upon which he could base wise-sounding criticisms and attempts to be "smart." As for his experiences among the Moros generally, he assumed, as with the "Indonesians" and the Igorrotes, that he was nearly the first white man who ever really saw them, and was telling the listening world some entirely new things; a reading of the more important of the voluminous Spanish sources would have saved him the pains of making these errors (indeed of visiting the Moro country at all).

To make a book of nearly six hundred pages out of such stuff is the merest vanity on the part of the author, and is strange judgment on the part of the publishers.

The English People: A Study of their Political Psychology. By Émile Boutmy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

When Burke declared that he did not know how to frame an indictment of a whole people, he exposed a fallacy which vitiates myriads of books. Nothing, indeed, delights men more than to generalize from insufficient evidence; we seem to increase our own importance by laying down propositions of magnificent size. *Ex uno disce omnes* is the maxim according to which judgments covering whole races are pronounced, and he who has perchance met a single Chinaman will tell you what are the characteristics of the other four hundred millions.

Even Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, the author of 'France,' who contributes a very discriminating introduction to the book before us, allows himself a little loose generalization. Not one in 500 of the educated Englishmen who go to France for their pleasure, he tells us, takes the opportunity to gain any acquaintance with the people and their institutions. It was not always so. The journals of Arthur Young "were only, in an extended form, what every English traveller brought back from his foreign tour." This proposition Mr. Bodley proceeds to fortify by a story of a party of English legislators who made a tour in France at the invitation of some members of the Government. At Bordeaux "the historic Château Laffitte opened its gates to the visitors. From the sacred recesses of its cellars were brought forth precious vintages not offered to mortal palates twice in a generation. But the British guests, unmindful of the unique privilege, demanded whiskey." We confess incredulity as to the facts; and the suggested inference that good French wines are not appreciated by Englishmen is absurd. The statistics of the wine-trade dispose of the suggestion.

The beam in his own eyes, however, does not prevent Mr. Bodley from regarding the mote with which Mr. Boutmy is afflicted. M. Boutmy has constructed an English people in accordance with his idea of what it ought to be. Many years ago, when he brought out his famous 'Essai sur Tite-Live,' he wrote: "The difficulty which I experience in an investigation is to discover a characteristic and dominant feature from which everything can be geometrically deduced—in a word, what I need is to have the formula of my subject." So here M. Boutmy has made out his formula for the typical Englishman; and if the facts do not fit the theory, so much the worse for the facts. We do not deny that the theory is interesting. It is sometimes even plausible, and many of the observations of the author are keen and enlightening. We feel, after reading the book, not that we have a correct view of the English people, but that our views have been to some extent corrected. At the same time we cannot help being struck by observations which are true only to a limited extent, and are occasionally false altogether.

Thus, M. Boutmy thinks it necessary to begin by attributing to climate a powerful influence on national character. The climate of the United Kingdom, he remarks, does not vary to any great extent. But no one can ignore the differences between the Irish people and the English; even M. Boutmy is compelled to admit that his typical Englishman has no likeness to the inhabitant of Erin. Obviously, when a difficulty like this is encountered, it is necessary to explain that circumstances alter cases; and, after a time, the number of supplementary and contradictory theories becomes confusing. The climate, we are told, compels men to subsist chiefly on animal food—a statement which an English peasant as well as an Irish one might read with pathetic astonishment. But the inconsistency is explained by the qualifying proposition that there are two types of Englishmen, as distinct as the greyhound and the bulldog. The one is

"slender, vigorous, agile, with fresh coloring and animated physiognomy; the other cadaverous, with leaden eyes, and concentrated or rather sunk, in himself; the first maintained, with infinite care, thanks to an abundant and wholesome diet, continuous exercise and habits of decorum and restraint; the second, deformed, wasted, and ruined in less than a generation by insufficient nourishment and the abuse of strong liquors, unrelaxing labor and insufficient recreation, and finally and chiefly by a self-abandonment and a sort of callous indifference, which are vices common to all the wretched, and allow man to succumb without an effort to the destructive operation of natural causes."

Hence, whenever the reader encounters a generalization that is palpably untrue, he must remember that Englishmen are of many types, and that what is untrue of one may very likely be true of another. We might multiply instances of these half-true generalizations, along with many brilliant and suggestive passages. But, for the reasons given, we cannot regard the book as a safe guide for those who wish to study England. It may be read with a certain pleasure by those who have some acquaintance with English history, and who are able to form their judgments with regard to the laws of evidence. Nor, in view of the severe disability of almost total blindness under which M. Boutmy has labored, can we help admiring the courage with which he has attacked one of the most difficult of problems, and the skill, if not the correctness, with which he has drawn his picture.

The Associative Processes of the Guinea Pig: A Study of the Psychical Development of an Animal with a Nervous System Well Medullated at Birth. By Jessie Allen. (Contribution from the Departments of Psychology and Neurology of the University of Chicago. Reprinted from the *Journal of Comparative Neurology and Psychology.* Vol. XIV., 1904.)

While the philosophers are disputing about the relation between mind and body (with meagre results, so far, it would appear), exact facts regarding their relations in man and lower animals are slowly accumulating. The latest contributions are joint products of the Departments of Psychology and Neurology of the University of Chicago. Dr. John B. Watson's study on the psychical development of the white rat, entitled 'Animal Education,' was noticed in these columns earlier in the year. Miss Allen's paper both controls and enlarges that research in very interesting particulars. The rat is born blind, naked, and helpless, and requires twenty-three days to reach psychical maturity, as measured by Dr. Watson's ingenious method. That is, twenty-three days is the earliest age at which the young rat is capable of learning the most complicated trick which the adult is capable of learning. At birth the rat has not a single medullated nerve fibre in its brain, though such fibres make up nearly all the nervous pathways of the adult brain. The guinea pig, on the other hand, has nearly perfect use of all of its senses and most of its instincts from birth, and is active and well clothed with fur. Miss Allen's problem was to determine the course of psychical development of the guinea pig and the parallel development of the nervous pathways within the brain, and to correlate both of these with the data for the white rat.

The animals are closely related, both being rodents, and similarity of habits and instincts was to have been expected. The adult guinea pig, however, when tested in detail, is found to be far less ingenious than the rat and incapable of learning any but the simplest tricks. The guinea pig is

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constantly running about and can solve problems, such as finding his way to food through a labyrinth of passages fenced off with wire netting. He remembers well the true path, and soon learns to take the shortest course, avoiding blind alleys and unnecessary turns. But he cannot solve problems requiring ingenuity at which a rat is very adept, such as opening the door of a box of wire netting containing food by means of a latch. The rat gradually acquires this ingenuity parallel with the development of the nervous pathways until it is fully perfected at twenty-three days of age.

"The guinea pig stands in complete contrast to the white rat. Though no experimental records of memory were obtained from the guinea pig during its first day, a simple path was learned upon the second day, and upon the third day the most complex problem was solved, being a complicated labyrinth.

"No experiments were made with the rat to determine how early a complicated labyrinth could be learned, but Watson's rats solved a simple labyrinth at nineteen days.

"When the guinea pig has found his way through a labyrinth he has reached the end of his psychical powers. He cannot pull a latch nor push a bolt, he will not depress an inclined plane, he will not chew a string nor stamp his foot. All the ingenuity which the white rat acquires after he has solved the labyrinth is a *terra incognita* to the guinea pig, who thus pays the penalty of his early maturity.

"The experience of the white rat extends to strange combinations of wires and springs, and all the delightful surprises revealed by secret doors. But when the guinea pig has turned the proper number of corners, his dinner must be waiting for him or he does not get it.

"The rat at three days is just learning to crawl, has never seen an object, and remembers nothing. The guinea pig at that age has triumphantly recalled a complex path, at the end of which he is eating his well-deserved carrot.

"At twenty-three days the rat is lifting latches neatly, and forming what Hobhouse calls 'practical judgments' as to the value of an inclined plane in a situation at the centre of which is his food—a desired thing, an end. The guinea pig is still wearing out the floor of the same labyrinth."

Our chief interest in this comparison grows out of the fact that we have accurate knowledge of the development of some features of the nervous systems of these animals, permitting a very definite, even though meagre, correlation of mental with corporeal function. Dr. Watson found in the rat at birth no medullated nerve fibres, and that in general the psychic functions anticipate in development the appearance of medullary sheaths in the nerve paths which must serve those functions. That is, these nerve paths are able to perform their functions before their fibres are fully supplied with medullary sheaths, as they are in the adult. Even at twenty-four days old, when the rat's ingenuity seems to be at its maximum, its central nervous system has far less than half as many medullated nerve fibres as the adult. This is correlated with the fact that the older rat is constantly learning, *i. e.*, forming new associations, though he is not increasing in ingenuity or the ability to solve an entirely new problem, and again illustrates the appearance of mental function in advance of the complete medullation of the corresponding nerve centres.

The young guinea pig's brain offers as complete a contrast to the rat's brain as does its behavior. The spinal cord of the guinea pig at birth is as far advanced in development as that of the rat at twenty-four days, and the same is in general true of the rest of the nervous system. At birth no important cerebral pathways of the guinea pig are unmedullated. In short, the guinea pig's early neural maturity is purchased at the price of mental plasticity and educability, and we have here a very graphic illustration of the principle of the value to the race of a prolonged infancy.

The Domesday Boroughs. By Adolphus Ballard, B.A., LL.B., Town Clerk of Woodstock, Clerk to the Guardians of the Oxford Incorporation, Author of Histories of Chipping Norton, Woodstock, and Chichester. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1904.

This work is a comparative study of the financial constitution of the boroughs of 1086, based wholly upon the analysis of the Domesday evidence. It furnishes a good lexicon and primer for this cross-section of early economic history. But it is not a book for the general reader. Unless one already has some knowledge of Domesday or is willing to make a laborious assault thereon, it is not a book to attempt. For the adept in early English industrial matters, however, it is of interest as a painstaking and thoroughgoing comparison of local peculiarities in matters of finance. Mr. Ballard evidently believes with Jowett that "real uncertainties are better than imaginary certainties," and in his preface modestly claims not that he has made any new discoveries of importance, but only that his "conclusions throw doubts on several points that have hitherto been regarded as settled." Of these the most important is connected with the jurisdiction of the borough court in 1086. Except in a few isolated cases Mr. Ballard inclines to question whether the borough was a hundred of itself. While the borough court existed from Anglo-Saxon times, "there is nothing to lead us to suppose that its existence excluded the jurisdiction of the hundred court; otherwise we should not find so many charters of later date granting that the burgesses should not be impleaded without the borough. . . ." (p. 53).

No attempt is made by the author to reconstruct the life of the citizen of the Domesday borough, but he furnishes raw material in abundance for such a sketch. His study inclines him to reaffirm Professor Maitland's theory that the borough originated in the need of a garrison into which the rural inhabitants could occasionally retire, when menaced by foes like the Danes, whose incursions the scattered country dwellers could but feebly resist. Confirmatory evidence is found in the fact that in the boroughs where there were other householders than the King, the town houses with their complement of burgesses to defend the wall were "contributed" by the country manors to which the town houses were appurtenant. The curious "welter of jurisdiction" is seen in the different persons in whom various kinds of jurisdiction vested. The landlord of a borough house commonly received not only rent (*gablum*), but sac and soke, or the penal fines incurred by his tenants. The market dues and other customs went in one place to the King, in another to the Archbishop, and in many others were curiously divided among a number of recipients. "The vast majority of the burgesses were landless men, and therefore must have had to earn their living by trade or handicraft" (p. 61). The annual renders in kind made by boroughs to the King are sometimes curious. Thus, Norwich furnished each year a bear and six dogs for bear-baiting, until, the bear supply becoming low, the borough was allowed to substitute a race-horse (p. 79). Almost every borough had its own mint. A burgess at Ipswich, it appears, might be a slave (*servus*), although the distinguishing mark of the burgess was that he paid geld only as distinguished from a number of other payments made by the non-burgess. "It would seem from indications at Colchester, Oxford, and Norwich that women could be burgesses" (p. 57). The evidence for communal property held by and for all burgesses alike is "sparse and scanty" (p. 112). The importance of various kinds of toll, or franchises, as we should now call them, discredits the notion that land was the one form of wealth.

The author can hardly be charged with losing the forest in the trees, because he resolutely confines himself to the study of individual trees, but we have to thank him for upsetting many of the easy generalizations which a superficial study of the period is only too ready to inflict upon us.

Methods and Aims in Archæology. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. With 66 illustrations. Macmillan. 1904.

A cook-book may be duller reading than the unabridged dictionary to an ordinary mortal, but may rival the latest popular novel in the eyes both of the *gourmet* and of the *cordon bleu*. The first ten chapters of Mr. Petrie's work are somewhat like the cook-book. They give in precise detail a systematic statement of the practical problems that confront a scientific excavator in Egypt, and the way in which these problems are met and solved by Mr. Petrie himself. It thus corresponds to, and supplements, on the side of field-work, that very useful little volume published a few years ago by MM. Blanchet and Villenoisy, 'Guide Pratique de l'Antiquaire,' which concerns itself chiefly with museum work. Mr. Petrie discusses everything, from the management of the fellahîn laborers to the details of the bargain that the archæologist should make with his publishers. As an exposition of the methods developed and followed by the prince of excavators, the book of some two hundred and twenty-five pages could not fail to command the zealous attention of any persons who are, or hope hereafter to become, actively concerned in archæological excavations.

Many of the details, to be sure, apply to Egypt alone, but the principles are as applicable elsewhere as there. Others than present or future excavators, moreover, will find these pages of deep interest, and others even than readers technically interested in Egyptology. Few will perhaps care to master the writer's suggested method of conducting surveys for archæological purposes; but any man who is interested in the historic results of such work as Mr. Petrie and others have been carrying on for years in Egypt, will find somewhat of the same pleasure in reading Mr. Petrie's book as in standing by his side on the edge of some buried town emerging in slow resurrection from the sands of centu-

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ries, to watch the chains of grinning boys passing their baskets of earth up from one to the other out of the shadows of the deepening pit. For Mr. Petrie has the happy faculty of writing brightly on dusty themes, and the illustrations of his volume, taken for the most part from photographs on the spot, add much to the illumination of his discussion.

The concluding chapters of the book touch upon wider aspects of the theme—the need of systematic archæology in place of the present desultory and scattered study, the nature and judgment of archæological evidence, the ethics of archæology; and, his serious work finally accomplished, the author concludes with a little dithyramb on the fascination of history. Under the heading of systematic archæology he pleads the urgent need of the publication of a *corpus* of archæological finds, classified according to form and to ascertained data, by reference to which new discoveries could be defined; and urges the construction of a proper archæological repository instead of mere show-museums.

"Let us hope," he says, "that if we are too hide-bound in England to grasp the new conditions of research, that [*sic*] at least in America some one will provide such a storehouse for all time; where some day the history of the world may be studied, when we have hopelessly lost the chance of preserving what might at present be had for the asking. If we are to make up our minds to ignore and lose what is now being lost and destroyed every year owing to our ignorance and blindness, we must look to the New World to rescue from our misuse the material we now throw away, and so preserve the history of mankind."

Perhaps the most striking (and the least conclusive) passage in the chapter on the ethics of archæology is that in which the writer passionately declares that to destroy the work of the men of past ages is as much a crime as to murder them. More practical is the rest of his vigorous plea for all possible wisdom and care in excavation and in the conservation and publication of finds. It will surely startle some timid minds when they hear Mr. Petrie declare that, sooner or later, all gold work will disappear from our museums into our melting-pots, and that (as a counsel of perfection) it would be well to make, and to disperse over all countries, twenty electrotypes of every bit of ancient gold and silver work, and then to sink the original gold in the ocean, where it will require a national undertaking to recover it in future ages when only a few wrecks of the electrotypes will have survived. But not only gold and silver are destined to vanish from our museums in years to come: "bronze," this woful prophet tells us, "is sure to disappear in warfare sooner or later, especially as metals grow scarcer owing to exhaustion of mines." But before we shudder at the approach of Armageddon, let us comfort Mr. Petrie with the thought that new processes for the extraction of metals from their less tractable combinations are fast coming into being, along with other processes of tempering. It is possible that any chance lump of clay may equip Gog and Magog with keener and more enduring blades than that of Saladin, and our museum bronzes yet be safe. But, we might ask, what is the use of laboring for their conservation in behalf of such a brute world as Mr. Petrie's second-sight foretells?

Let us close with a spirited passage from the last chapter of the book, which may well illustrate the vigor, as well as the tendency toward exaggeration, of the writer:

"If past loves and hopes seem thus to give their life to the lasting walls, how fearful is the breath of terror that clings round every stone of the Colosseum. One single mangled death there made ten thousand fiends of men who sat on those benches; and every year had its thousands of such agonies, through all the centuries. The mass of horror beyond all thought that dwells in that arena is only exceeded by the thousandfold fire of cruelty that has burnt on those seats around. The place is hell petrified."

Eleanor Ormerod, LL. D., Economic Entomologist: Autobiography and Correspondence. Edited by Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh. With portrait and illustrations. London: West, Newman & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. 8vo, pp. xx, 348. 30 plates and 76 text figures.

This book will be read with interest by all who knew Miss Ormerod or her work, and it deserves to be read more generally, because it portrays an utterly unselfish, modest woman whose only ambition was to so carry on her chosen life work as to benefit the agriculturists and horticulturists of Great Britain; and this she accomplished.

Well born and with ample means at her disposal, this lady, whose tastes led her to the study of nature and especially of the life histories of the commoner and injurious insects, gradually came to devote all her time to the work, not for her own gratification merely, or to form a collection, or even to add to technical scientific knowledge, but to publish broadcast the practical results of her researches. To that end she prepared and, at her own expense, published annually from 1877 to 1900 a report of the season's work with injurious insects, upon the best methods of dealing with these, etc. Twenty-four annual reports in all, besides four volumes of more systematized observations, were all offered at a price barely sufficient to pay for the mere printing. Further, she frequently replied to a question by sending a Report, and all her correspondents were annually remembered; so, to say the least, she derived no pecuniary profit from her labors. That these were finally appreciated is indicated by the fact that in April, 1900, only about a year before her death, the University of Edinburgh conferred upon her the degree of LL. D.; and she was the first and is thus far the only woman so honored by that University.

Mr. Wallace's volume is fragmentary in character, consisting of autobiographical notes, strung together, systematized and supplemented by the editor; extracts from some of Miss Ormerod's writings and (rather voluminously) from an extensive correspondence on entomological and personal matters with students and friends in all parts of the world. Miss Ormerod wrote well, and her letters are as carefully worded as her other writings. A kindly humor and a disposition to make the best of even the greatest misfortunes are evident throughout, and are quite in keeping with the cheery presence so well remembered by those who had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance. As a memorial, therefore, the volume will be valued. It will hardly be bought, in this country at least, for the information it contains.

The text illustrations are introduced for typographical reasons and are not really necessary; yet they are good, well selected, and applicable to the matter dealt with. The plates belong to the more strictly biographical portion, and are generally good. Print, paper and index can all be praised.

Greek Sculpture; Its Spirit and Principles. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The elusive character of the so-called "spirit" of art or literature is nowhere more clearly shown than in the writings of those who seek to separate it from an historical survey of the artistic and literary productions which constitute the embodiment of the "spirit." Dr. von Mach, in his introduction, complains that other recent works on Greek sculpture are really histories of Greek art or sculpture, or histories of ancient artists, and that such an historic treatment of the subject makes a clear understanding of the spirit of Greek sculpture impossible. One might, perhaps, reply to these rather extreme strictures on recent archæological work by calling attention to the author's sound advice at the beginning of his opening chapter, where he urges a thorough acquaintance with the monuments. How such a thorough acquaintance is to be obtained without a fair notion of historic development as a foundation, is difficult to see, and many will feel that there must be something the matter with the "artistic public" and the "intelligent layman," if certain of the histories of Greek sculpture cannot "legitimately appeal" to them. However, there is no doubt a place for the study of æsthetics as illustrated by the monuments of Greek art, and an attempt to deal with this side of the subject might be of great value.

The author of the present work divides his book into two parts, the first of which contains what are termed "the lessons drawn from Greek sculpture." The second has in it more discussion of specific works of art and of the tendencies of given artists; but the division is vague, and it is not always easy to see why it was made at all, since some portions of the second part might appropriately be included in the first, and vice-versa.

Dr. von Mach shows throughout an easy mastery of English idiom; English might well have been his mother tongue. About the only verbal peculiarity noted is his use of the word "eclecticism," on pages 9 and 26, which seems a little strange, but this is apparently due to his holding closely to an etymological signification, and the meaning is plain enough. He has an excellent knowledge of the facts of his subject; his training has clearly been admirable, and it has been supplemented by much observation and study on his own part. This makes it somewhat difficult to understand certain of the defects of his work, which, as a whole, lacks the reserve and sobriety of taste that are characteristic of Greek feeling. Here, for example, is a comment on the Niké of Samothrace: "The head is gone, but one never fails to see in the glorious breasts and in the beautiful abdomen the

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hilarious joy with which the swift motion through space has imbued her." A somewhat "sophomoric" rhetoric and a tendency to introduce elementary and obvious moral truths are so frequent as to make the judicious grieve. Such terms, too, as "Hermes the Dreamer" for the statue at Olympia, and "Autumn Days" (see page 339, note) for the works of the Hellenistic period—employed that is, as definite designations—give the rather unpleasant effect which is always produced by the misplaced use of poetic phrases. In the spelling of classical proper names it is hard nowadays to follow any satisfactory system, but such a form as Rhamnos (Pl. xi, Fig. 2) had surely better be avoided.

The criticism of the book is strongly subjective, and a brief remark in connection with the discussion of the Apollo Belvedere seems to throw some light on the reason for this: "Almost sneeringly the Belvedere Apollo is watching—perhaps the flight of an arrow. Let one look in his face and study his features, and then analyze one's own emotions. They are hardly of the nobler sort." This is far too much the method which has constantly been followed; but the analysis of the critic's emotions is surely only the beginning of criticism, if, that is, there is such a thing as objective truth. The question whether the emotions themselves are in accord with sound artistic judgment must not be forgotten. Somewhat the same "subjectivity" appears also in the constant tendency almost to identify ethical and artistic excellence: "Truth, faith, moderation, patience, and diligence are the cardinal virtues of good men, as they are the chief characteristics of the best Greek sculpture." Phidias must have been wrongfully accused, because a man who knew how to portray the gods could not be other than noble and honest. So certain does this seem that one authority for his exile must originally have written ἀποφυγών, "acquitted," instead of φυγών. Phidias may indeed have been without guilt, but such text criticism is hardly convincing. Nor is it clear that the theory of the "mental image" or "memory picture," of which much is said, can be very helpful to the student who seeks to gain an appreciation of Greek art. Dr. von Mach, of course, does not intend to say that such a theory was consciously held by the artist, but his insistence on it is such that one almost comes to think of the sculptor as bravely working at his "mental images," and wondering how soon his skill will enable him to present them accurately. The whole argumentation appears to amount to little more than some such simple statement as this: The Greeks for some time, like other artistic peoples, did not acquire the necessary skill to represent what they saw; like other good artists, too, they appreciated the fact that the reality does not always appear real, and so they did not represent it; furthermore, their best work shows the ability to employ artistic "conventions" with great skill. In a popular work especially a discussion which seems unnecessarily learned is unfortunate, since it leads untrained minds to believe they are doing profitable thinking when they are not. The "educators" are a warning here.

The author is at his best in the discussion of relief sculpture. Here there are many good and suggestive observations, and the chapters are well worth reading. The account, too, of the Parthenon frieze is simple and straightforward. The constant insistence upon the rapidity of artistic development among the Greeks will perhaps seem to some rather overdone. This is, of course, old doctrne, but recent years have so greatly increased our knowledge of the development of Greek art that we can now see much the same degree of difference, let us say between the early art of the Acropolis and that of Scopas and Praxiteles, as may be observed between the work of Giotto and that of Michael Angelo. In each case the period of time which elapsed is approximately the same. When the impulse to artistic production once gathers headway, is its course not always rather rapid? It is easy, too, in laying emphasis upon the intellectual stimulus which came to the Greeks after the Persian wars (see pages 143, 157, 159) to forget the stimulating social changes of the previous century. We, of course, know much less in detail about this period, but the literary and political developments and the general spiritual activity of the time were certainly marked, and, however crude its artistic achievements may appear in the light of later performance, the vigor of youthful promise is to be seen on every hand. The beginnings of iambic and lyric poetry and the remains of plastic art which antedate the Persian wars are as instinct with the spirit of freedom as anything which the men of later day produced.

Dr. von Mach and his publishers are to be congratulated upon the general appearance of this book, and upon the high average of excellence attained in the numerous and well-selected illustrations. Most of these are conveniently grouped on forty half-tone plates, at the end of the volume, which is furnished with a good index.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Belle of the Fifties. Memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama. Edited by Ada Sterling. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Boynton, H. W. Journalism and Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Carleton, Will. Over the Hill to the Poor House. Harpers. $2 net.
Dexter, Edwin Grant. A History of Education in the United States. Macmillan. $2 net.
Ellis, Robinson. Catulli Carmina. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.
Fletcher, C. R. L. An Introductory History of England from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Middle Ages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Garrison, E. E. The Roosevelt Doctrine. New York: Robert Grier Cooke. $1.
Harben, Will N. The Georgians. Harpers. $1.50.
Ingram, John K. Practical Morals. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan.
Jungman, Nico, and Jungman, Beatrix. Holland. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $6 net.
Lewis, Alfred Henry. The President. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Matthews, Rev. T. T. Thirty Years in Madagascar. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.75.
Roberts, Charles G. D. The King of the Mamozekel. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Schierbrand, Wolf von. Germany. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Henry Holt & Co.'s Recent Books.

GENERAL CRITICISM.
Dante and the English Poets. Kuhns. $1.25.*
The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel. Cabell. $1.50.*

SCIENCE.
Geology. Chamberlain and Salisbury. Vol. I. $4 net.
Laws of Imitation. Tarde. $3.*

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